

GREAT NEW SERIAL *by Professor* **A.M. LOW**

SCOOPS



The STORY
PAPER *of*
TO-MORROW

2D

Great New

WONDERS of the WORLD

The TERMINUS of TO-MORROW

A GIANTER terminus for aeroplanes, railway trains, motor buses and motor-cars is a new wonder suggested by the vivid imagination of our staff artist.

The advantage of such a terminus would lie in the saving of time and money in transporting travellers and cargo from place to place.

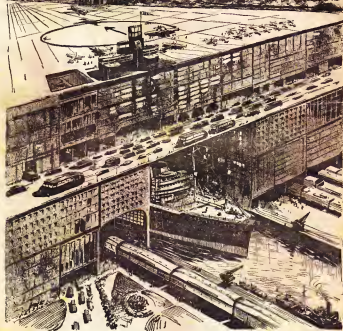
Passengers arriving by air could board connecting buses or railway trains immediately. Coaches could bring travellers right into the terminus and take incoming passengers out again. Goods and mails arriving by ship could be transferred to buses, lorries or air buses without any waste of time.

Our artist has sketched a station something like

a gigantic table standing the Thames. The largest boats and motor trains would travel underneath, and the top would consist of a huge loading platform for aircraft.

Above the platform a discharging tower would send out radio beams for guiding air pilots, and a lift in the flying platform would carry 'planes down to the air station proper. Aeroplanes would wait on the terminus.

An elevated highway would facilitate the arrival and departure of lorries, coaches and cars, and in the giant building itself would be housed the offices of the various shipping, air and railway companies, hotels, restaurants, post departments, banks and shops.



REBELS of the PENAL PLANET

A World-famous Scientist, exiled to the Penal Planet, captures transport Space Ships and Challenges the Earth

★ BATTLE OF THE SPACE SHIPS

In the central halls of his guest space ship, hovering in the night sky over London like some stationary, sprawling star, Professor Angus Revilla stood in the centre of his auditorium.

A voice greeted him then, armed line of light as he watched and listened in a dazed astonishment, the Council of Cosmos. He stretched at a switch, turned a dial, and spoke into the small microphone which he drew from his coat.

A response sped to the control tower of the Hall of Cosmos.

"I am," said Professor of Cosmos, from Professor Angus Revilla, president of the society of the most important nations on Earth. Before there is a word said under my command and control by me, you are to stand themselves from the penal planet Cosmos.

I demand that the Council of Cosmos abdicate immediately and make for Earth now. Twelve, which is now under the control of Cosmos.

Before he could speak in my space ship completely destroyed the twenty thousand ships. I am aware that the Council of Cosmos is in session in the Hall of Cosmos. I shall listen to the discussion following this statement, which begins on Earth as now.

The Professor cut out the microphone, pushed into the microphone and started speaking into the centre of his auditorium. Within ten minutes he saw and heard the effect of his message in the Hall of Cosmos.

Messages from all countries and all isolated planets in the Universe and as where as Lord President Whittington read out the message he had just received from the control tower.

They passed through his hands. The message was a terrible one. All the deputies were Professor Angus Revilla. He was one of the Earth's greatest scientists, and had been sent to the great planet Cosmos for the purpose of his talents.

They had been many years ago and during the time the control population of Cosmos was greatly increased. Just lately there had been a breakdown in communication with Cosmos. The last message was a warning that the great space ship taking control of the planet had fallen, and it was now in the hands of the rebels.

Earth, under the control of Cosmos, thus stood before a breakdown of radio equipment.

But the truth was greeted. Revilla stood the space ship and his own ship, making his terrible demand.

Lord President checked the space



Key-guns flashing death, the inter-planetary airman held back the rebels who came streaming towards them.

"The fate of universal law and order is in the balance," he said. "As the elected representatives of Cosmos of our day to control Revilla, even at the cost of many cities. That is my opinion. It is for you to decide it. Good-bye, your order by a show of hands to favour."

Hundreds of hands went up, and Professor was in no doubt about the verdict. He pressed a button on the desk in front of him and spoke into a microphone. Word went to the control tower to the instruction for the inter-planetary Defence Force to go up and join issue with the rebels.

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW'S

Great New Serial "SPACE"
begins on centre pages 48 and 49

From his space ship Revilla spoke again.

To the Lord President, from Professor Angus Revilla, greeting. I accept the challenge!

He stopped, and, meeting as he did so, passed between Pittsburgh and York, struck by devastating rays from the space ships above them, tumbled into ruin. Audiences in the Hall of Cosmos shrank in the terrible series to the horrified depths.

Just then, Captain of the Planetary Defence ship A.C.E., twenty miles above the

Earth, spoke to his chief assistant, Chief Monitor.

"They're all disappeared, Chief," the Captain said. "As soon as our cities went up, the space ships seemed to melt into the darkness. I—"

He stopped abruptly as his eyes caught the wild conditions of the needle of his electrostatic transmitter.

"There's something happening down at us," he yelled. "All went to station!" The half dozen members of the A.C.E.'s crew each reached a button so that a light glowed on the control board in the control cabin and told the Captain that his men were ready.

One man threw out the magnetic protective field, an invisible curtain that would ward off the best and devastating rays with which Revilla's ships were equipped.

This was done only just in time. Outside his ship Graham saw an enormous field of scintillating light and knew that the protective field had dropped down from which a few seconds earlier would have brought disaster.

"What are we going to do, sir?" Clark asked.

"See that ship!" rapped Graham, as he pointed to a wedge on the radar screen. Clark nodded. "That's one of the enemy ships." It's hurtling down at us, but we'll ship from under it and then go up and drop right down at it! We'll build the ship—if we're lucky. If not, we'll just cut off the protective field and let her have all we've got.

Well here to take the risk of being snatched.

"Right!" Jerry nodded again, almost surely, though he knew that death was very near.

Jerry watched the smudge in the screen grow larger and clearer as the screen drew near—and then, suddenly, A.C.E. seemed to be taken by a great hand which swung her to one side. The enemy hurried past, an enormous ship that looked like a huge gun-boat lying on its side.

A.C.E. immediately answered to Jerry's signal and shot up into space. Then she streamlined down, down, and she was hurtling after the space ship.

A.C.E. was but a midjet compared with the other, and when she landed on the curved top of the space ship, her weight was scarcely more than that of a fly on a man's hand.

Panel slid back in the floor of the little ship, and the retractable windows allowed the tremendous glare of a short-range searchlight to throw into relief the enemy's bulk.

Down from another panel, Clara Morton sent a funnel-like anchor which clamped itself to the enemy's shell.

They peered over a lever as he heard Graham shout that the magnetic field was off, and from a console over the top of the funnel something hissed.

Immediately there came the acrid smell of molten metal, and through the floor Jerry saw a great hole appear in the space ship.

There came a terrific explosion, and Jerry's magnetic field was flung out again as the little ship was sent hurtling up into space.

"Hold her right over her destination!" gasped Jerry, wrestling with his controls to keep his ship on an even keel.

"And it's moved our last ray counter, sir," came from Clara Morton. "Good! Look at her!" he screamed.

No need to tell Jerry to look. He already saw the space ship, like a glowing atom of metal, falling through space. She bore into a void immensurable which was as brilliant that it showed the Earth beneath.

It also showed Jerry Graham something else—two more space ships, called by the other just before discovery came. They were heading from different directions towards A.C.E., which had now ceased to rise and was waiting under her own atomic power.

Suddenly, one of them stopped and the other went. A.C.E. was in between them.

The upper one began to fall and the lower to rise at an amazing speed, and although Jerry tried to shoot down between them they followed him in perfect synchronization.

They intended to crush the small ship between them! The diffused light about A.C.E. told of heat rays burning as the protective curtain, and they were suddenly switched off as the two machines came directly opposite each other.

Jerry seized the commandless were afraid of destroying each other's ship, and he was quick to seize the chance.

He cut out his magnetic field and touched a button which gave an order to the atomic gunner.

A port-hole over the way in the bottom of the machine and a tiny mantle was thick with ash. This was a strange finding, and the lower space ship stopped dead as if struck by an enormous shell. She yawed, rolled, and a gap in her side poured out light and steam.

Jerry sent his machine surging forward now, and the upper space ship dropped down on top of the companion, its heat rays, turned on in a frantic attempt to get the A.C.E., concealing the damage which Jerry had visited.

From beneath the two ships A.C.E. peered to get back into action.

Protected by the holed machine, Jerry refused to had a chance to switch off his protective field. He did so, and once more an atomic gun boomed, and another hole appeared in the vessel.

Swamping right through the machine, the atomic power ruptured on the other vessel

as it drew away. That, too, was holed, and Jerry seized the rocket-like A.C.E. almost on the led and moved up, raising everything in a desperate dash for victory.

He gasped from now, just the atomic gun boomed viciously, tearing great holes in both the space ships and badly sending them down in catastrophic horror.

★ CAPTURED BY THE REBEL SHIP

HIGH over London Professor Revilla looked in touch with the progress of the fighting.

Over thirty cities had been destroyed, and as many of the Inter-Planetary fighting ships had been accounted for. So far only three of the rebel machines were stranded—the three driven down by A.C.E.

Britain was at a ferment; the people of the Empire were agog with excitement as their soldiers brought them authentic news from the front.

The threat of Cosmos had ordered every space-worthy machine to concentrate at Britain, and that was the last message sent out before Revilla's destroyer divided the Central Fleet. The Universe was divided, therefore, as far as being in contact with the central organization was concerned.

But Revilla's machines could communicate, and so, too, could those of his enemy in the air.

From Revilla's ship a code message sped.

Each machine was endeavoring to take a group of its Inter-Planetary fighting ships, men it, and cruise with the object of coming to grips with the enemy, who will not suspect change of ownership.

The great crews will undoubtedly suffer death in the end, but Cosmos asks for no mercy, and knows it will not be possible. Destruction of terms to come possible, further orders.

Cruising in the depths of space, A.C.E. her crew beamed with victory, was one of the first ships marked down for capture. Revilla, himself, having seen the disaster wrought by Graham's vessel, desired to go after it.

With his own gun-turret field surrounding his power-ship-shaped ship, the rebel chief followed the movement of A.C.E. in the space ship that was operated by his hands from the dynamo which gave the various vessels their motive power.

There was no method of preventing these discharges being picked up by the sensitive instruments installed on the space ship, and Revilla was the oscillating line that represented the A.C.E.'s course.

Concentrate on that ship," he told his commander. "We must strike her at all costs, because she is obviously a crank ship. We will get her by the magnetic arm."

"Very good, sir," the commander answered, and lights flashed madly on the ship.

Jerry Graham, watching his 'viceroy', suddenly saw the wreckage he knew was a space ship hurtling at tremendous speed above him.

When she was right over the A.C.E. the ship stopped short, making a great dash by travelling at such a rate while so near to the Earth.

A smolder of smoke and she would crash—but instead of that she came to within a hundred yards of A.C.E., which had been unable to dodge her.

Absence of diffused light did not tempt Jerry to look his protective field this time. He meant to rely on his speed in clear away and wait for the advantage of attack.

But he found his speed useless. The A.C.E. was no longer obeying her controller, but was being driven upwards!

"Using the magnetic class, Clay!" he yelled at Morton. "They mean to get on—instead of mauling us!"

"May I suggest we take a chance, sir, and break the 'field'?" Morton asked.

That was a weakness with all these fighters in space. The very thing that protected them from their enemy's rays also prevented them from using their own ray guns. Always it was a matter of either attack, and the enemy's rays who cut through his armor was generally the winner.

Jerry Graham looked in the 'mirror' then shook his head.

"Don't do it, Jerry," he said. "We're dead over London, and if we do that that space ship she'll lay the city to ruins! All hands!" he called, and when the men were ready he told them what was going to happen. "Every man will be fighting," he said, grimly. "That goes in the order!"

"Ay, ay, sir," the men answered.

Revilla had the words been spoken than Revilla's magnetic class, a great, tremendous thing of highly magnified metal, had clutched the A.C.E., and the telescopic arm of it was drawing her up to the space ship.

Up she went bathed in light from Revilla's ship, and then, suddenly, she was drawn into the enormous space between the double shell.

If they had not been over London Jerry would have thrust out life gas and taken the space ship down with him.

As it was, he had to retreat, not by what they considered or after the swift hand-to-hand fighting he expected, but because Revilla's craft, and Jerry, had a hole drilled through to base on the shell of the A.C.E.

Into the hole made within a second, a pipe was passed, and, under high pressure, compressed gas was introduced. Instantly the crew of the A.C.E. went down, and Jerry Graham came round to find himself sitting in one of the pneumatic-chaired seats of Revilla's space ship.

Armed as was his crew, most of them still under the influence of the gas, Jerry Morton came to within a few minutes. He thickly coated longer firing periods. Jerry saw Revilla use that space Graham was as the came out of the crew!

"You did something to your ship!" Revilla snapped at Graham. "We cannot get her dynamo to start!"

"Well, what about it?" Jerry asked, early. "This is a war, but I'll bet I'll bet I'll bet you can see it!"

When the Professor told him, Jerry's face paled for a moment. To have fallen into the hands of a rebel chief himself was no light matter.

"You said it is a war," Revilla snarled. "And by that I gather you mean that anything is fair! Very well! While on Cosmos I intended something that could anything of the kind produced elsewhere!" He jerked his arm and down from his chair there came a small toroidal machine.

"Are you going to put that dynamo right on me?"

"No! the answer," Jerry told him, grimly; and then he screamed.

A slight movement of Revilla's fingers had been followed by the most concerning part Jerry Graham had ever felt or thought it possible to feel.

Whatever it was Revilla was using, it had taken hold of every nerve in Jerry's body and it seemed as if it were tearing them to pieces.

"It will not kill you," he heard Revilla say. "But it will grow worse and worse every second—if I want it to!"

Suddenly, the letters stopped and Jerry clamped in the seat, gasping.

"What now?" Revilla jeered, and moved his fingers again. But Jerry thrust out his hands as if to ward off the vile thing.

The rebel chief laughed harshly. "Too—you humans!" came from Clara Morton, who did not understand just what had happened.

Revilla curiously shifted his hand slightly—and Clara screamed as his Captain had done. Revilla cut off the nerve agitation, and Jerry was left a quivering heap.

"The answer's—yes!" came in a tense voice from Jerry now.

There is a limit to human endurance. The young Captain must have to tell Revilla what to do to the dynamite and wait for a chance to take the helm. Defiance of the rebel would give an opportunity.

"Come, then," snarled Revilla, and Jerry was forced to go into the cavity between the space ship's shells and get right the dynamite he had tampered with just before the superfluous was injected into the A.C.E.

When it was done, Revilla took him back to the main compartment of the space ship.

"That ship of yours," the rebel told him, "is going to be used as a decoy. Others are already being used in the same way, and scores of unsuspecting airplanes have been destroyed as a result."

Jerry understood the scheme at once, and promptly wondered whether he could find some chance to carry out a similar one.

If he could get possession of the space ship he might be able to smash the rebel force.

But he said his men were exhausted, because which the crew of the space ship numbered probably those hundred men?

Most of them were in different parts of the ship, only a few being in the main section.

The prisoners were herded from here into a small cabin, the door of which was sliding shut when Jerry jumped back through it.

Only one man, with a ray-gun, had accompanied the prisoners and he was taken completely off his guard by Jerry's action.

Confusion straddled into him and they hurried across the narrow corridor. As they went Jerry barred himself round and was just in time to send a driving blow to the point of the Cossack's stick.

There was all Jerry's strength behind that crack and the fellow doubled up and hit the floor. A second later he had substituted the long holding the ray gun to the wall a word.

With heart beating wildly, Jerry trotted the gun on the closed door. It took a great hole in the metal panel—and Jerry yanked out a screw, trying to be conspicuous to stand close.

A few seconds later the door was a flimsy screen and Jerry's men were crowding into the corridor.

"I'm going to use this gun for all it's worth," Jerry told them. "Scrape up any ray-guns or other weapons that are available. Come on!"

A few seconds' work had loosed the guard, and he was flung into the cabin. Then Jerry and his crew was pushing along the corridor.

A man staggered from a cabin, gave an exclamation, and then went down before the unseen force of Jerry's gas. Chery Morton took from his body several weapons which he distributed. One of them was a nerve-ray, which Chery retained.

"I'll know the way round these space ships, and one of the crew men of Chapman. Follow me, and I'll lead you to the control cabin!"

"Get going!" snarled Jerry, and Chery men surged ahead.

Along corridors, up stair stairways, through a door into the cabin between two shafts, Chapman led the way. Then they climbed like cats up through a tangle of golden snail Chapman murmured that they were over the control cabin.

"There's a door here, sir," he told Jerry. "But it's fastened on the inside. The reason—"

In the darkness, Jerry touched Chapman's arm, and then, as the man stood still, he activated the gas of the solid metal. He was certain to regulate the force, for he wanted just to make a hole through which to look.

The ray holed, and then a light shined, streaming in through a small hole. Jerry cut off the ray, put an eye to the hole and peered through.

On the control board sat two men, and behind them stood Revilla. On the "view screen" an enormous thing composed with a set of A.C.E.—Jerry caught glimpse of



Professor Revilla's finger-point down as a station—and a great city tumbled into ruins.

terrible battles in space. Into Planetary planes were engaging the space ships—and it one of the picture Jerry saw a plane and finally attack a number of other planes. Revilla's plan was working.

"One of your fellows has a 'repetition pistol,'" Jerry whispered, and the man to whom Chery had given it crept up to Jerry.

The larger hole was made, the pistol was jerked into it, and the trigger was pressed. There a door of the control room opened and a man rushed in, shouting the news that the prisoners had escaped and had weapons.

★ GRAHAME'S GREAT FIGHT

REVELLA turned like a wild beast—and then clapped a hand to his mouth. The gas had struck him full in the face, and even as he opened his mouth in an unguarded shout, the gas seeped down his throat, and he tumbled to the floor.

"Enough!" snarled Jerry, snatching the man away. He wanted to get Revilla alive. Jerry's ray-gun blazed again, and the other man in the control room went down.

Then Jerry's ray-gun ripped through the metal door, and he and his men dropped down into the control cabin.

Chery opening to the door had disconnected the electrical device that worked it. Jerry, at the control board, was pressing switches which he knew would put out of working

every offensive weapon that was not portable.

He cut off every light except those in the control room, so that no one should be able to look again through space. The switch said that he needed according to the compartments they connected with.

The switches controlled the ejection of superfluous into the various compartments, a precaution against possible mutiny on the space ship.

Then Chery Morton suddenly shouted. Turning quickly, Jerry saw the reason why. The wheel of the control room door was hanging before his eyes!

"Up through the ceiling, Morton," Jerry shouted. "Take three men, with weapons and torpedoes. See what's happening in the ship. There are many! The fate of civilization depends on what happens next!"

Morton and his three men rushed up the collapsible ladder one of them holed in the hole shown—and Jerry deliberately turned his ray gun on the landing door.

He stood to see who to escape the rays from outside. His own rays helped the firing, but they stopped the work being done on the other side. Nevertheless, a big hole yawned in the door, and he could see men shooting along the corridor shooting wildly.

Jerry caught the ray amongst them, and one by one they tumbled down. A man not yet touched by the ray used his own gas and one of Jerry's men crept up without a ray.

Aerial Dog-Fight in Space

But Jerry got the Transcendian, and the two beyond him went tearing away round the corner of the corridor before Jerry could stop them.

"The superluminal bulbs for an hour!" Jerry yelled. "So I can put to sleep all the men on board. For all I long, Mr. Berneville, Mr. Berneville should be able—"

The ray gun dropped from his grasp as he writhed in a lurch of agonized nerves. One of the men in that deep outside, not struck down by the ray gun but knocked down by someone behind him, had managed to bring a control register into action!

One of Jerry's men rushed down to the floor, skidded along it, and snatched up the ray gun as he went.

That ray gun was the only weapon the men in the control room had!

The men squirmed over and faced the door, found he could not bring the ray to bear on the fellow outside. He edged along the floor as the man outside advanced toward him, his abdomen.

Then the Transcendian's voice came—the ray gun had found him.

The fact that he had alerted suggested that there were others available to attack.

Jerry knew the importance of the control room being kept safe, and again to the men with the gun, when the control register is in action, to go into the control room.

Without a word the man stepped, and Jerry sent the other surviving members of his crew after him to retrieve as many of the weapons as possible from the heap of men outside.

"What do we do now, sir?" came from Chapman as the control board. The men spoke calmly, as if this were all a very natural business.

"Get us close up to one of the other space ships," Jerry ordered. "There are our protective curtains in case some of our men fellows attack us, and—"

"Half a dozen are diving in all round us, sir," said Chapman. "If I were to go in to pick English the enemy will get the message. I don't know the code, sir."

"And I haven't got the code!" snapped Jerry. "But I'll try and remember enough!" He sprang to the control register and hastily scribbled down a few words of the code.

They were enough to make an understandable message, which he relayed out into space. He gave the service signature number of A.C.E. which could be known to any of the Transcendian, and he was glad that he had thought to destroy the A.C.E. code book as soon as Berneville's magnetic slave took the ship in his embrace.

Presently an answer came back in code, and Jerry knew he was safe from the ships about him.

In the great screen he now saw images he knew were other space ships. Some were surrounded by swarms of the Inter-Planetary Force; others were hovering in space as if ready for instructions to begin their devoted task with one England.

The flow of the screens that came from the corridor, where two men were fighting off an attack by some of the common members of the enemy ship, Jerry turned to the Transcendian code book.

It was hand-written. Evidently Berneville, whom Jerry had taken the precaution of tying up, had written it out himself, and as doubt one of the space ships had a copy.

Scanning through it feverishly, Jerry picked out the words he needed to compile a message, and when he had it down he relayed it to the space ships.

Back to North Sea. Pounce carrying the war over to Paris and Germany. Readiness at Station NCM. All reported 'glorious' to accompany—Berneville. What's the idea, my Jack, sir? Chapman roared, and Jerry told him.

We're going to try to smash up every one of these ships," he said; "but we mustn't do it over here. These minutes and we shall be at the end of the world. Full speed ahead, Chapman, and any Russian help us!"

At that moment Jerry Morton was through the front door. His left hand was a swollen and without thing, and his face was drawn with agony.

"A relief got us with a head gun," he muttered. "But we've been all over the ship, sir, and, thanks to taking them by surprise, the men who aren't under the gun aren't out."

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

"Head guns," said Jerry, and he told Jerry what his intentions were.

Chapman kept the space ship hovering in the wake of the fugitive machine, and Jerry suddenly looked on order to the gunners to shut off the headlights. It was an attempt to bluff the Transcendian. But it failed, for when Jerry cut off his engine and told the headlights again, he found that the space ship still had their curtains out.

It was at this point that Chapman's voice sounded excitedly in the phone line to Jerry.

"Can you come here, sir?" Chapman was asking. "Something I don't know about, in this neighborhood!"

Jerry moved into the control cabin.

"I pulled that switch down, sir," Chapman said, "and for the second it was down that diffused light went off. Did you not see that, sir?"

Jerry nodded. It had been something he did not understand, and had caused him to give his order for the curtain to be lifted. Chapman told him he had pushed the switch up again, for fear of bringing trouble.

Jerry made him pull it down again, and when it was down the diffused light disappeared.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jerry. "I can guess what it is. Berneville's discovered how to duplicate that Transcendian magnetic power!"

The other ships can't have the device on—probably hadn't time to get more made, and couldn't wait, and he wouldn't use it against us alone. Never to use it, no doubt, when he was attacked in force! Keep that switch down, Chapman!

Jerry spoke to his men in the gun; then he sped to his own station.

When Chapman, opening out the space ship to full speed, hurried in between the two fugitive machines, the guns went into silent action. Instantly, and almost unbelievably, the two space ships grew immovable. Once in each side were trained on the ships, and the fury of their force wrought horror.

The ships exploded into a myriad pieces of white-hot metal which hurtled into the air and then began to sweep down.

The debris settled on the hull of the space ship, tore into the more frail bodies of the 'phones, captured wires as well as engines, and took them down flaming.

Almost staggered at what had happened, Jerry bore into the control room and watched his memory for code words.

He made up the message he wanted and Chapman sent it out.

All Inter-Planetary Force machines to disengage the enemy and move west. Jerry wanted to get them away, so that he would have which of the machines were given to the Transcendian.

When he did know, he sent the space ship hovering after them, to amongst them, the depolarizing device in operation, and the guns waiting their vengeance.

As Jerry saw the last machine go down like a flaming ball, he went into the control cabin. Chapman had called him, for Berneville was coming.

The master control's eyes were fixed on the switch that controlled the depolarizing device.

"Yes, we touched it that, Berneville!" Jerry told him gravely. "And—oh, we've it! It's helped us to finish off your whole gang. In a way, you've done a service to the Universe, for you've given us a message, and that's what I want. The letter has been the army of every invader for the last five hundred years!"

Berneville shrugged his shoulders. His burning eyes glared at Jerry and Clay Morton, who had just entered the room.

"You say," the rebel said slowly, "but it was only a message. I made my share and lost. I predicted that device on the way from Ureana only the day before we arrived over England. No time to get it fitted into the other ships—no—we should have won. But I'll never go back to Ureana."

"I fancy you won't," Jerry said, sternly. "The Council will know what to do with you!"

Here's a SCOOP

A Weekly Review Mainly About Ourselves and of the Wonders of To-day and To-morrow

SUCCESS FOR "SCOOPS"

I HAVE pleasure in presenting to you No. 2 of *SCOOPS*—the paper that is different, that gives you unusual stories of science and wonder, that looks ahead with vision and brings to you in a straightforward manner news and pictures of the world's progress.

Just as this issue of *SCOOPS* was going to press reports from all parts of the country told of the British success of our first number.

What! everything possible was done to ensure that nobody should be disappointed, it may have happened that in some cases newspapers' supplies became exhausted.

If you were unfortunate in this way, and would like to have a copy of our first issue, and 3d. in stamps to the Publisher, *SCOOPS*, 22, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

YOUR IDEAS

I SHOULD like to take this opportunity of welcoming you and of inviting you to write and tell me what you think of the stories and features of this, our second number.

I want you to be quite frank in your opinion.

Our stories are in each case the thoughts and ideas of individual writers. We all have our own ideas as to what this busy old world of ours will be like in fifty or a hundred years' time.

I should hope to hear from you in regard to your thoughts and opinions. Maybe some of your ideas will make thrilling stories. Why not write to me to-day—a postcard will do!

PROFESSOR LOW TAKES US INTO SPACE



YOU are going to enjoy Professor A. M. Low's great aerial story "Space," which begins in this week's issue.

One of the world's most famous scientists and thinkers, he will bring before you ideas and conclusions that will truly stagger you.

Just as Jules Verne once conjectured what man would find if he travelled under the sea in a submarine, an event which is now a common experience, so Professor Low takes us up into the unexplored regions of the stratosphere and shows us the strange activities and queer experiences that may be found there.

And what a thrilling story it makes. These young men trapped in a passing space ship they know nothing about is a beginning that promises staggering possibilities.

You cannot miss one word of "Space."

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

NO progress is ever made without cost. Civilisation and the wonder age have bought with their own progress its beauty.

One of the most terrible tolls progress has demanded is day in the sacrifice of life on the roads. It increases year by year.

Last year there were 292,029 accidents involving death or injury, and in those accidents 1,180 persons were killed and 214,461 persons were injured.

That means that no fewer than 622 people were killed or injured in road accidents in Great Britain each day.

London has the blackest record. In 1933 1,400 people were killed and 52,447 were injured in London streets—giving an average of four people killed every day.

The Ministry of Transport and local authorities are doing their best to check this dreadful manner. Traffic lights, road shields, and other devices for the road, clearer directions



and warning signs, telling every dangerous bend—all are helping.

But the biggest part must be played by you and me.

A little more care on the roads, whether we are motorists or pedestrians, a little more courtesy and the give and take spirit between all classes using the highway, and we will not only be saving our own lives, but will be helping to reduce the terrible toll of the roads.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PICTURE

THERE is another side to the picture—often little considered.

Aeroplanes, motor-cars, and fast cars are saving lives daily.

Motor ambulances carry the injured to hospital treatment after the accident.

Expensive and even very dangerous on lightening machines every day, an aerial ambulance brings an injured man from the backwoods hundreds of miles to civilization in a few hours.

Aeroplanes are being used to fight locust pests—Canada mosquitoes with their deadly malaria malarial, in Africa and Egypt—locusts that destroy the crops.

In Egypt alone 17 tons of locusts and 24 tons of birds were destroyed in one month by aeroplane co-operation with scientists.

Not only on the mechanical side is progress saving life.

The amazing discoveries in medicine and surgery have added ten years to man's life. Thanks to modern methods of live all new blue-violet rays, radium, X-rays—all these products of the wonder age are engaged in the service of man.

You, progress is right. It is only our own inactivity in its use that makes it a menace.

DOES PERSONALITY LIVE ON?

DOES our personality—that queer "something" which no-one on earth we are dead?

It is the one thing the scientists have never



18, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

Please Telephone 2521. Ex. 42.

(12 Lines)

Subscription Rates: 3 months—5s. 6d. 6 months—10s. 12 months—18s.

been driven in our human forms, and who can tell what happens to it when our bodies wear out?

One of our authors has had the queer idea that the personality of all men lives on, somewhere in the void, and the basis of his story develops a method of capturing these moving personalities and planting them into living people.

The results are awfully funny, as you will read in the story "Rever Personality" in this issue.

I would be interested to learn your thoughts on the idea, and whether you would like once of these fantastic stories.

BRITISH COASTERS TO CAPTURE BRITISH TRADE

BRITAIN is making big efforts to re-capture her lost prizes and trade in the shipping world.

One of our first efforts is to recover the trade about our own coasts.

Every year nearly 35,000,000 tons of coast-going shipping brings vast cargoes to British ports from all over the world.



Over 11,000 of these cargoes are re-shipped to coastal vessels for British ports in the North, and 20 per cent. of their cost is carried by foreign coasters.

In an effort to capture this trade, which should be our own, a new all-British motor coast, the *British Coast*, was recently launched.

She is a 475-ton ship, with Diesel engines and all-British gear, and can attain a speed of 12 knots.

No bigger than the foreign coasters, she can carry twice the amount of cargo—1,400 tons of goods three times their speed, and get to her destination in half the time it takes a foreign coaster.

Already she has scored many successes, and 2,000 unemployed coastal sailors are hoping that she will bring the return of the days of prosperity, when only British ships carried cargoes round British coasts.

SCIENCE FIGHTS CRIME

SCIENCE is making things difficult for the alleged criminal.

A man named Legge was recently charged at a Court in Leeds with office breaking and stealing 3s.

The detective-superintendent in charge of the case said that a very small piece of metal—evidently the end of a poker—had been found embedded in the woodwork of the window-fringe of the office. In Legge's house he had noticed a file with the top missing being used as a poker, and he had arrested Legge on the charge.

At the subsequent trial Mr. Archibald Fraser, a lecturer in metallurgy at Leeds University, was called to give evidence.

He produced microscopic photographs of cross sections of the metal showing a fine line in the metal which was also contained in the tip. The metal was identical and made a perfect link, and Mr. Fraser expressed the opinion that the tiny piece of metal found in the window was part of the file found in Legge's house.

The Editor



With the wind hurling him backwards and forwards Jack made his perilous journey down the rope hanging from the Red Flyer.

It took its power
from the very skies!
It hovered like a bird!

Z.1.-Red Flyer

A Powerful Yarn of
a Cosmic Ray 'plane

ATTACK ON THE FLYER

THE strange red machine rose vertically into the air, hovered about midway at 2,000 feet, and then hurtled off into the blue at a terrific speed.

Ronald Cavendish, his tiny delicate hands steering the controls of the little Red Flyer, nodded approvingly towards the bright-eyed young man seated beside him.

"Excellent, Jack," he murmured. "That little improvement of yours increases the aerial take-off considerably. In ten seconds our air speed was eight."

"Five, sir," interceded Jack, a fair-haired giant of twenty. "It should be of immense value."

"I am sure it will," assented the Professor. "It will startle the Ministry at the trial."

"300 m.p.h.," announced Jack, his eyes gleaming at the headlong speed of the air-speed indicator. "Patent we're soon got."

"I don't want to increase speed further," said the Professor. "Though we are at present nowhere near half speed."

"Jack," gasped Jack, "if we can get a machine to stand it we'll probably do a 1,000 m.p.h."

"There is no doubt about it," answered Professor Cavendish. "The only limit to speed is the strength of the machine itself."

Word something said her curious bird-shaped wings, her "left" propeller whirling madly, the Red Flyer tore through the air. She was something entirely new in aircraft, a kind of bird of the skies.

Her design was novel, being rather a mixture of the modern aeroplane and the pterodactyl, but it was her motive power that was the masterpiece.

For Z.1, this strange invention of the future Cavendish, took its power from the stars themselves!

The Professor had for many years been experimenting with the subject of Radio-Trans. Beyond the known and visible light rays are, on one side, the heat and infra-red rays, then where we get the warmth for ripening our crops, and the so-called electrical rays—the X-rays with their ultra-

short radio waves, and the Radio rays, which give us the wonders of modern wireless.

On the other side of the visible rays are the Ultra-violet, the health and life-giving rays, and the soft and hard X rays, as valuable in medical work.

It is beyond the range of the X rays that we find the Cosmic Rays, so powerful that they can penetrate water to a depth of 300 feet. The famous Swiss scientist, Professor Piccard, had made a balloon ascent into the stratosphere in quest of knowledge of the Cosmic Rays, but Professor Cavendish had gone even farther.

He had discovered a means of "picking up" the Cosmic Rays and converting them into energy for the creation of motive force.

This amazing discovery would mean a revolution in all forms of motive power, but Cavendish had first experimented in aircraft.

Z.1. was the result, and the Air Ministry was to give it a test in three days' time.

An air screw, rather like an elongated propeller blade, was the whole length of the craft, and it was this, drawing its power from the Cosmic Ray apparatus, that was now leading the Red Flyer through the skies at such colossal speed.

"I think that will be sufficient for us," murmured Professor Cavendish at last, and he headed the Z.1 back to the research station on the Desert Coast.

"Those Ministry people will gasp when they see what it can do," said Jack Strong-korra, the brilliant young man who had been assisting the professor in his experiments.

"A stronger machine, and we'll be able to fly the Atlantic in three hours!"

"A solid possibility," laughed the Professor. "You forget that the Cosmic Rays do not emanate from the Sun, like so many other rays, but originate beyond the confines of our system, whence we know not. With a suitable machine I see no reason why we should not travel to other planets."

"Gosh! That's an idea," mused Jack. "The Red Flyer was now racing the coast, and her speed dropped as the professor sighted the sparkle of the sea in the distance. Her nose went down and she gently glided to 2,000 feet.

Then, without warning, a grey shape

darted out of a cloud and came screaming down like some hideous kind of prey.

"Good gracious," murmured the professor, "that is hardly the way to control a 'plane in mid-air. I almost—"

Next moment a rattle of machine gun fire burst from the sinister grey 'plane and prepared holes into the bird-like wings of the Red Flyer.

"Z.1. landed near, went slipping down."

"The flak, definite flak of Professor Cavendish went white as his hands went to the controls. The professor was not a fighter, he had never been in an actual dog fight, he was a scientist.

Under the veil of her controls the Z.1. came back on to an even keel and rose into the air.

"If only I had a gun," said Jack grimly. "The devil was trying to wreck us."

The grey shape loomed up again at the tail of Z.1. and an angry snarl broke out once more.

"We can't do anything," gasped out Jack. "Let's show him our teeth. He can never touch us."

"Of course," replied the professor, and his hands went to the speed control.

Then another sudden burst of firing, a screeching rattle in the body of the Red Flyer, and her air speed dropped almost to nothing.

"He has got our propeller," said the Professor quietly and gravely. "We will have to come down."

"The sinister brute," gasped out Jack. "Gosh, if only I had a gun!"

Now almost motionless, Z.1. slowly hovered down towards the coast.

The grey fighter circled above her and prepared to follow her down.

"Lucky we're not over the sea," said Jack. "If you think they'll try to touch the machine."

"I will smash it first," returned the Professor, and his glance roved over the cabin of the Red Flyer, hunting for something heavy.

Looking out of the narrow windows of the cabin Jack saw the grey machine come to earth below them. The Red Flyer's descent was already slow.

The Mystery of the Kidnapped Flyer-Inventor

The Professor was ill, too, and Ben had gripped a quinine remedy to attack the symptoms that controlled the Z's.

"No, up," gasped old Jack, for in that apartment he was, the end of years. "We'll look them up."

"But we are interested," returned the Professor. "Far better to search it than it should get into the hands of thieves."

"They may not be after the secret of the 'plane, though," said Jack. "But tell us what you want."

"Very well," answered the Professor. "I will get out first. If I give the signal, search the plane."

Jack was nodding his agreement as the Red Flyer leaped the earth, ran forward a few yards and, as one accustomed, and came to rest.

Three goggled and goggled flying men, with instruments at their hands, searched them.

The Professor stepped from the little cabin. "Yes, Comrades! I joined you of the men."

"What do you want with me?" answered the Professor.

"Gosh him," snapped the goggled flyer, and at the same moment Jack leapt from the 'plane.

He landed on top of the quinine and the two men down, the professor flying from the ground down the dump grove, and then the last end of a machine, knickered by one of the other flyers, got paid to Jack's flying activities.

The young scientist went out.

★ BIG BILL LENDS A HAND

"O! H! Make up now!" Jack Thompson laid the words through a hair, and next moment he was looking up into the stained face of a fair woman—a great old fellow, who bent over him.

"That's better," said the old man. "I've got a lot of things up like, handkerchief under a handkerchief."

"O!" gasped Jack, as he struggled up and looked down him. He was still in the little cabin of the Red Flyer, but the Professor was not with him.

"The Professor?" he jerked out as they came flooding back.

"Now, now, take it easy," roared the old inventor. "Fished 'e all strong up, I did."

"It was daylight, and Jack seemed to have been unconscious most of the night. Evidently the inventor had seen the 'plane, come to investigate, and found Jack tied up. He went back without him, too."

"What's the time?" asked the young man.

"Five o'clock, and a fine morning," returned the old fellow.

"Thanks. But you are anything of another airplane?" asked a gray haired man about as old as Jack.

"Nasty machine," answered the inventor. "Just found 'e all strong up."

"Well, where are we? What place is this?"

"This be old Farmer Hagman's place, right into Little Thadbury, across side of Lorne Bogs."

"Good," returned Jack. "And can I get a bit into Lorne Bogs?"

"Sure, if you like. Take you in his car. But you don't like him, you know?"

"Oh, that's all right. If I can get into Lorne Bogs I'll arrange for it to be picked up. Thanks. Go on all you've done. Let's find the car."

Thus, before him the Red Flyer was being a man (and looked on as a boy, Big Bill Hagman, the Professor Comrade's, assistant, a man making the work).

Jack was automobile flying Scotland Yard and a crowd there, and at the last moment, the Professor and him, inter-

viewing reporters, who kept coming at every moment.

"No, I don't know what has happened to the Professor," he kept telling them. "He's been kidnapped and I've told you the whole story."

"But have the kidnappers made the secret of the 'plane?" demanded one of the news paper men. "It'll make a damn good story."

"No, they haven't," and Jack would. "As far as I know, they haven't touched the 'plane. We're having it brought in now."

"But what—?" began another reporter. "See here, what about the fact on Thursday? Old Carey won't be able to pilot the Z's. The Air Ministry won't be able to take it already. Now that the 'plane has been kidnapped they might think it's a put-up job. See?"

"It's not a put-up job," blurted Jack angrily. "If the police don't find the Professor and we can get the Z's repaired in time, it will pilot it at the trials."

The newspaper men stood up.

"Boy, now you are talking 'Young scientist pilots mystery 'plane at Air Ministry Trials.' Very nice."

"Well, if you've got all you want, perhaps you'll get going," snapped Jack. "Pilot what you like."

The newspaper men got!

That night the papers blazed the news of the strange kidnapping, the attack in the air, and the story of Jack Thompson's efforts to fly the Z's in the Air Ministry trials.

"Good stuff," commented Big Bill Hagman as he laid down the paper. "But what I can't understand is why they didn't touch the 'plane. The Professor had no company beside, again, who might want to steal his plane."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"That's just what looks me," returned Jack. "And this trouble is no use to nothing. We haven't the slightest idea where they've taken the Professor. He might be in Ireland now, for all we know. If you think you'll be able to do that, perhaps by Thursday, Bill."

"Ever! By to-morrow night if necessary. But, say, if those crooks kidnapped the Professor to keep him out of the trials, they'll maybe have a go at the 'plane now you're going to fly it. They can all read the news papers."

"I hadn't thought of that," answered Jack. "Yes, we'll have to watch out."

"Best guard the 'plane," glanced Bill. "They won't trouble it otherwise."

"That perhaps it will be best if we sleep in the larger old Thadbury," suggested Jack. "We can take watches, just as one of us."

"Right," grinned Big Bill. "Now I'm all to have a go at the 'plane."

The old scientist, assisted by Jack, walked far into the night, completely overlooking the long passenger coach, but nothing remained noticed.

It was morning, two o'clock, on the second night, when word in Z's had been transmitted, that Jack told Bill to look in.

"I'll wake you up in two hours' time," he answered. "Then you can take a rest and watch. I'll leave you in there's anything along."

The young scientist, inside a room at last, found a thorough sleep and better than most, when, and then, something off the light in the workshop, prepared to sleep for two hours.

An hour passed in dreamy silence, and Jack soon began to feel drowsy. Twice he found himself nodding, and he decided to take a walk toward the workshop to keep himself.

The night air struck him, but it seemed too cool, and he went back to the lounge feeling much more lively. It was just as he was about to open the small door that he found the door of a division car coming to a sudden stop.

He jumped, on the alert. Late he noted, he thought, and among the windows before was about a mile away.

Two minutes passed while he waited, and

Greatly spitting death, the grey 'plane came screaming down at the Red Flyer like some hideous bird of prey.



Wonder 'Plane's Great Rescue

way in when the door was suddenly opened by an old man in his nightgown.

Without any ceremony the police searched the whole place. They found three men in bed, none who might easily have been those who attacked the two planes, but of the presence there was no sign.

"The men denied all knowledge of the presence or absence of any, and became fully convinced at the alleged breaking in of the police."

"What about the lightness?" demanded Jack suddenly.

"The men who had been doing all the talking started shrilly."

"What do you mean—the lightness? What's wrong with the lightness?" he asked.

"Nothing, nothing," said Jack firmly, but nervously he was speaking with excitement.

"Well, there's nothing more we can do here," said the sergeant. "I must apologize, sir, but this is the house in which three young men followed the car."

"I don't know what you're talking about," answered the man. "Good night to you, and you'll hear more about this."

The police and the two drunk took their leave, and went back to the congested station.

"I believe they've got the presence on the lightness," said Jack suddenly. "Anyway, there's something big going on there."

"Well, you may not feel so sure this yet. This was my last week!" The police sergeant wasn't feeling too happy. "Better get off home. We'll keep the house under surveillance."

"And meanwhile the bird's to move," said Big Bill.

The police were taking their leave of the headquarters when Jack suddenly reached Big Bill on the back.

"I've got it!" he called.

"What?" demanded Bill.

"The Z.I. You can get on to the light house with it."

And before the big merchant could answer he was dragging him out of the congested station. "See you soon," Jack shouted to the startled constables.

The young man quickly explained his idea to Big Bill as they dashed off in the private taxicab towards town, and the machine was an enthusiastic as Jack, by the time he was looking the machine into the.

"O.K. for patrol!" shouted Jack.

"Hoop!"

"Then home, Jones."

The powerful motorbike roared and thundered away through the night.

★ RED FLYER TO THE RESCUE

THE strange red 'plane was trying at a steady 300 m.p.h. through the sky, now flung with the first six minutes of dawn.

Within a quarter of an hour of leaving his house she was hovering over the lightness.

The light was still flashing out its signal, and the eye barked and thumped as signs on the rocks below.

In the little cabin of Z.I. Jack Scrooghere and Big Bill Fancher looked down on to the wild scene.

"Get the grapes ready!" asked Jack, as he handed the controls over to the merchant.

"O.K.," answered Big Bill. "Bring it over and you'll eat the red grapes."

The Red Flyer was hovering, motionless over the lightness now, and Jack left the light over in the bottom of the cabin and flung on the big iron grapple which Big Bill had lazily rigged up before they set off.

It was exactly balanced in one of the main streets on the undergrowth of the Red Flyer, and Jack paid it out to full extent.

Now the youngster looked down and yelled to the pilot. "Forward about ten feet and lower about twenty."

God must be in the controls the machine was suspended above the lightness until at last the grapple was securely hooked on to the rail of the lightness.

"Now hold her at that, Bill," yelled Jack. "I'm going down."

Then began the perilous journey down the strong rope. "Twice the crowd caught at the man's swinging body and all but jerked him from his hold on the rope, but slowly and surely he made progress downward."

Then disaster! For at that moment the grapple came away, and Jack was almost flung down into the boiling water below as the Red Flyer lifted with the release of the strain.

But he hung on like grim death, and there he was, dangling at the end of the rope from the strong grapple.

The position was ghastly, and with the sudden hanging realization that Big Bill might not know what was happening, Jack tried to claw his way back up the rope again.

The position was ghastly, and with the sudden hanging realization that Big Bill might not know what was happening, Jack tried to claw his way back up the rope again.

The position was ghastly, and with the sudden hanging realization that Big Bill might not know what was happening, Jack tried to claw his way back up the rope again.

SAUSAGE SKINS made of WOOD



Churches, gramophone records, storage bins, clothes, sugar—they all come from the tree!

THE forest might almost be called the "Universal Provider" of this new wonder age.

Everyone knows that trees supply us with timber, paper, rope and rubber, but how many know that to-day trees are providing sugar, glass, insulation, leather, perfume, gramophone records, cattle feed, cloth, and—strangest of all—sausage skins!

All over America and Europe experiments are being carried out to extract new products and by-products from the glands of the forest.

In Germany sugar is extracted from wood for the production of ethyl alcohol; a Oak Lignum has discovered a process by means of which he can produce silk from the redwood tree; a famous products laboratory in Wisconsin, America, has succeeded in extracting from wood—sassafras, turpentine, alcohol, dyes, lime, gramophone records, surgical dressings and sausage skins.

By distilling wood in a similar manner to the distillation of coal a gas for lighting and heating can be produced; and wood can be used under pressure with diluted sulphuric acid and under vacuum process, he can produce food.

From wood pulp a transparent sheet can be made which, placed between plates of glass, produces safety glass.

A church has been built entirely from redwood trees. Lumber can now be made from rock, and wood "dies" (painted, etc.) and is used in the production of dynamite, and can be made into dials, handles, car radiator caps, and parts of telephones.

A church has been built entirely from redwood trees. Lumber can now be made from rock, and wood "dies" (painted, etc.) and is used in the production of dynamite, and can be made into dials, handles, car radiator caps, and parts of telephones.

A church has been built entirely from redwood trees. Lumber can now be made from rock, and wood "dies" (painted, etc.) and is used in the production of dynamite, and can be made into dials, handles, car radiator caps, and parts of telephones.

A church has been built entirely from redwood trees. Lumber can now be made from rock, and wood "dies" (painted, etc.) and is used in the production of dynamite, and can be made into dials, handles, car radiator caps, and parts of telephones.

But Big Bill had been watching, and now he moved promptly.

The Red Flyer came lower, moved slowly, over so slowly towards the lightness rail.

It was a terrible experience, and Jack's swinging body crashed up against the rail of the lightness.

The shock shook him, but he managed to cling on to the iron-work, and next moment he was dragging himself up on to the rail and to the safety of the gallery.

Waiting somewhere to Big Bill in the Z.I. above, he ran round the gallery until he reached the door.

Fortunately, it was open, but the light, still flashing out its S.O.S. almost blinded him. Cautious he got up his arm, and dashed by the steps, reached them and disappeared down.

He found the presence at the bottom, sleeping as peacefully as a child.

"Quickly," he signed him, telling. "We're losing it. We're dying!"

"Good gracious," murmured the Presence, raising himself. "I am glad to see you, my boy. How did you manage it?"

"The Z.I.," gasped out Jack. "It's waiting above me."

"Thank goodness for that," returned the Presence. "What day is it?"

"Thursday. If my lucky boy is able to get some rest below the trial this afternoon."

"Excellent. But there are those poor light house men. They were lost out by those kidnapping people, you know. But I managed to release myself and then free them. They are sleeping now. They set the flashing light for me. We brought up the two boats who had been left in place the light house and were covering the place with before the wire went dead."

The Presence indicated the two lightness keepers, who were seated to see Jack, and he quickly explained what had happened.

The men decided to stay on the lightness with their two presence, promised the Presence would return the congested station.

Then the Presence agreed to do. The second and his assistant made the problem passing back to the Red Flyer.

Big Bill came down so close as he dared. Jack went up first, reaching the Presence as he came after him. Then, releasing the rope, the Z.I. made for the mast and the congested station.

Jack and Bill the Z.I. went screaming through the clouds at 600 m.p.h. A wave of shooting stars, a flash of red, and then silence. A few minutes later the came back, overlooking the scene of the countryside.

"Amazing!" said the Air Minister, when Professor Harold Crookshank and Jack Scrooghere stepped from the plane a little later. "You must forgive us for all our doubts."

Perhaps you were justified," smiled the Professor. "My disappointment probably was strange."

"Strange indeed," answered Sir Montague. "But a stranger fact was that almost none of us had an explanation for a total of a number machine. Professor Crookshank, I think it was. We were heard no more from him since then."

"That, that is everything, sir," said Jack.

"Oh?" demanded the Professor.

"I beg your pardon," murmured the Air Minister.

"You remember you wrote an article on the Crown. High for The Science Journal? I thought you gave away too much of the tree. (Crown) possibly adopted your idea and defined a machine of his own. It was in his interests to get you out of the way. The probability got these men to taking you to that Z.I. would have no trial and his own machine would get the house—and the cash!"

"That is possible," murmured the Professor. "I never did like Crookshank. But why should he go to such lengths—only get me on a lightness?"

"Behind plans on earth," put in Big Bill, who had been hovering near during the trial. "Study the weather reports and get a man on a lightness. When the high one came he's safe for days."

"That's it," grunted Jack. "But they're not without the Z.I."

"Well, what does it matter?" murmured the Presence. "Whoever makes it is, it is all in the interests of power."

"Gosh, what a man," Big Bill growled who the one of young Jack.

"What a man," agreed Jack.



He wanted the Moon—and he got it! He made himself Master of the Strange World, and then set out to Conquer the Earth

★ ATTACKED BY THE MOONMEN

"WE'VE landed on the Moon!" Lord Algonquin Tyford gasped at the words, and stood looking at the wonders before him.

The young peer's silent circle of engineers hunk in his London Club might have forgiven for not recognizing Lord Algy at that moment.

The moon, startled expression on his face gave him the look of some young Viking of old.

But just now he was very far away from London, he had vanished, indeed, from that sphere we call the Earth.

With the strongest possible compasses he stood on Mount Tycho, the highest peak of the Moon's dark surface.

Harding from earth in the marvellous planet ship, *Uranus*, they had set with disaster near journey's end. They had meant to reach the Moon, but not with wrecked engines.

The *Uranus* loomed up behind the space-sailors now, a ghastly look with the pointed prow of a battleship.

There was a tragic touch in the sight of that sinking space liner lying beached near the mountainous plain. But Submarine Sam Pike, the engineer, knew that she was not wrecked beyond repair.

"Gee, we ought to have stayed aboard the ship," he growled. "Another half-hour and I could have got the engines right."

From the first moment of landing, however, the dark, knowing Moon seemed to have exercised some sinister influence over them.

Submarine Sam was a man visibly without nerves. When his U.S. Navy submarine had sunk off Hilo in twenty fathoms, Sam had opened the valves and let in water to sweep the air upwards and force off the bubbles.

He had shot up, half-drowned, and had been rescued by Captain Nick Chance, that

amazing space-adventurer who had been cruising under the sea in the *Delaware*.

Submarine Sam had saved forces with him, partly because no one could reach the key red-headed Captain Nick if he wanted a man and partly because it meant telling a sorry tale of negligence on the part of his submarine officer if Sam, as sole survivor, reported to the U.S. Naval authorities.

Chance was the third member of the crew: The little battle-browed Morphos had been Captain Nick's command for years. He was a Green Lighter, and the primitive man shuddered but lightly in his.

The third man to complete the crew of space-sailors was Sambo, the giant negro whom Captain Nick Chance had saved from the chain-gang in Africa.

Sambo's grin was a marvel of white teeth and his deep chuckle was a joy. But his experiences had scared him through and through, and when desperate he was a bad black to meddle with.

There four—and head Algy! They were not men to be scared easily, nor to yield without effort to the enemy.

Yet they had been unable to stay in the space ship, though they would have been able to. All had agreed to the regimen that they should die space-crits and go out to investigate.

As they advanced on their heavily-weaponed tanks through the barren expanse of Mount Tycho, they looked like four dragons.

By placing their great glowing helmets against one another, they could talk. Then, as if glued together, they dragged along, ever looking upwards for a floating figure in a space-suit.

Their skipper, Captain Nick Chance, had jumped out into space to go after a strayway named Morpho, when he suspected of being in danger with enemy forces. They missed the red-headed skipper.

But all they saw in the blackness was a night-dew, glimmering with a moor, blue light. The eerie radiance splashed down on them. That was the Earth they had left behind, and its light induced a terror hard to fight.

"By Jove, you know, even here Moon struck!" Lord Algy jerked out as they trudged along.

Then they came to a sudden halt. They were standing on the edge of a vast slope and were staring down into the impenetrable depths of Mount Tycho.

"What are they?" breathed Algy. The space-sailors looked down at strange bodies lying on the glass-shaded slopes. "I say, you men—dash it!" cried the young peer stuffily. "They're coming to bid!"

He tried to laugh, but his voice trailed off.

"Why, they're men—men!" All at once into the eyes of these hardened old veterans lying on the ground there leapt a red glare of light. Like an army coming from sleep they commenced to rise.

It was eerie, anatomy, as though someone had put over the switch of a powerful dynamo.

Chance growled fiercely and looked over his shoulder. "Buddha knows I cannot lift such a stone."

Down below the black giants were gathering together. They consisted of what looked like pointed armor and had heads like black cannon balls.

Lord Algy and his friends gasped they were the Moonmen without heads, of which Mutch had spoken. On their backs were power-bases, from which electric sparks crackled.

And they eyes! They were like search-lights, sending back gleaming crimson rays. Suddenly the Moonmen lifted their heads, and the red glare hit the space-sailors like a blow.

They had been seen, discovered. Yet they still stood, their nerves gathering. The moon of the moonmen gripped them. The moonmen top was like a man flickering stage.

"They're coming for us!" cried Submarine Sam vainly, chewing the ball of the corner of his mouth while his face grew grey and hunk.

That, as though some power had given the order to change, the roused Moonmen suddenly broke into a swarms run up the sheer slopes.

The space-sailors seemed rooted in terror. Submarine Sam's voice broke the spell. It crackled like a live wire.

"Run for it, you guys. Like you were on

The Deadly Menace of the Moonmen

are behind. Blame, this ain't no play land!"

At that they sprang to attack. His quick laugh sounding merriment in his own ears, Algy leaped and tried to run. But he couldn't. Dash—he couldn't run!

It was as though a million hands were at his feet, holding him back. And those black, red-eyed moonmen were coming up the slope in a mad rush, their arms swinging.

"I say," gasped Algy. "This is rather a wonder what Aunt Tabitha would say to all this!"

Then he saw Salamander Sam Pike bending down in the dust. Algy followed next, touching his helmet against Sam's for a moment.

"This lead weighs," growled Salamander Sam. "Unbuck me from the boots. Then look out—the lot of gray's not so strong as on Earth. Beware of the—"

But there was no time to explain. All four of them had loosed the catches of the heavy metal weights on their boots—and now their strides seemed nerveless. Their feet seemed the Moon's surface.

The Moonmen were charging behind, a silent army in the darkness and all the Moon.

The pace had become mad. Intoxicated with demon life, the moonmen Moonmen sought to crush down the four fleeing fugitives with their deadly flashing arms.

But the space-airmen were travelling in twenty-five foot leaps now that they had cut off the weights, and it was hard to check their pace. They were keeping ahead of the charging army.

As they moved together in a milling heap, however, Sam Pike caught at Algy's arm.

"Nearly got us—they'll hunt us in a moment!" he whispered and "And we, we've passed the first stage!"

"By Jove, yes," smiled Algy in dismay.

As a result of their mad strides they had overstepped the plant ship and left it far in the rear.

Their only hope of safety was gas, and cartridges, with a mad keeping running through him, Algy pointed.

"Look, a moonman wall," he shouted.

"Get in a gas against the wall!"

About twenty or thirty yards still lay. Now, as far as the eye could see, and it appeared to end.

And Algy felt a cold leap of doubtful fear. In a few seconds now they would be smug against that moonman wall, smothered by the monstrous Moonmen.

Then a gleam of wild hope appeared in Algy's blue eyes.

"Look! A cliff!" he cried as in a mad leap he flung his gleaming helmet toward Sam's.

"Get into it—fall the others!"

In was a passage to narrow in the sheer wall of rock that had Lord Algy been lost that he would surely have annihilated it. But he was ready to take the slightest chance.

In a milling heap he made for the crevice in the mountain wall.

He ran head on the opening, along three dory. Then the other three robed as though thrown against the wall, and Lord Algy frantically pushed them in before him.

He was the last to appear into the moon face cliff—and was only just in time.

Crash!

He watched with a gasp that scarcely swayed. The Moonmen had arrived, and were shuffling in a dreadful array, trying to squeeze through the narrow opening.

Though they gasped and fought, not one could get through where the space-airmen were.

The passage was not wide enough. Flailing arms struck again and again at the open-mouthed, who crunched back with red-hot, superheated faces.

The passage went back only a few feet, and the four men occupied almost all that space. Lord Algy stood in front, charge from the charging Moonmen, and the next few seconds were the same nightmare drama as the Moonmen fought and pushed each other to get at their quarry.

Some carried pieces in their great metal

hands, and as they got their chance they struck in successfully. But, by appearing back as far as possible, Algy escaped the deadly blows.

After some minutes, during which free made his knees weak, Lord Algy recovered—to see his own appearance—some of the old Tyford crew.

He began to take stock of the lighted moonmen as if he were the master of a museum examining some freshly arrived specimens.

They had no mouths in their armor-hull heads, no noses—just great, glowing red eyes.

"Too scary—if you're alive!" Lord Algy burst out. "Gazing about the scenery—the Moon, I mean—poor people of their grub, by Jove!"

As if in answer, silent Moonmen snatched against the stone.

But Algy was keeping cool, fighting down the cold wave of desperation that threatened to grip him.

Glimmering desperately up at the moonmen, he ran high alone into a large crack of light.

"If Captain Nick Chance would only turn up," he breathed, "we might show the Moonmen where they got off!"

★ **SHARPSHOOTER OF SPACE**

At that particular moment Captain Nick Chance, the famous space adventurer with the red, jutting beard, was right on the job.

The starlike glow high in space was the

floating home of Doctor Hugo Merlon, Master of the Moon.

At least the planet ship, *Merlon*, as its name suggested, was a striking cog-like shape, moving through space at an appalling speed.

But their profound scientific and shrewd, Doctor Hugo Merlon, did not care for speed. He preferred to linger in space, moving switches, directing, controlling the mighty forces at his command.

No doubt at that moment Doctor Hugo Merlon regretted this habit of hovering rather loosely in space.

For Captain Nick Chance had jumped from his own ship, and, floating in his space suit, had landed on the roof of the *Merlon*.

He had entered through one of the air locks. And he had landed upon a space radiated a high-voltage light as he rose toward the entrance to Doctor Merlon's cabin, revolver in hand.

"I said put your hands up, Mr. Moon Master," he cracked sharply.

Since the request was backed up with a faithful old foot and ankle, the surprised scientist, seated upon the great throne that at the end of the robot, slowly raised his hands above his head.

With his great black beard, his dark face and glittering eyes, velvet jacket and flowing hair, Doctor Hugo Merlon presented a figure to quiver the instant. His great intellect was an amazing quality that stood out in the shape of his head, in his word and look and gesture.

He knew the answer system, however, for gas and mercury drifted across his face.

"So!" he roared slowly. "Captain Nick



Captain Nick Chance staggered back to a curtain of fiery golden filament leapt up around the Master of the Moon.

Chance bends the Master of the Moon in his belt.

The space-captain just on hand.

At Nick's feet spread a great slash of shining iron glass, and starting through it he could see, as if it were happening right under his eyes, his own space-warden terrible fight.

Space Captain Causes Chaos on the Moon

"You can stop those Robots—" he heard at his eyes swept to the Master of the Moon. Doctor Melnar smiled with a face of stern reluctance that was subtly dangerous. "But of course I can, my friend," he returned. "They are the Moonmen without Misch, and I am their master. In their hands is a definite mechanism. I can transmit my thoughts and orders through my fingers—"

He lowered his hands to the arms of his chair. With an "Ah, ha, ha," he laughed, transmitting fresh orders to the Moonmen below. Captain Nick stopped him with a firm gesture of his assistant.

"I said 'no.' No tricks, mind, or I'll blow you apart."

Immediately the Master of the Moon raised his hands again. But his black beard lifted as he laughed deeply.

And Captain Nick Chase stood down again at the loss of his first.

The Moonmen had got his space suiters and Lord Algy up against a monstrous wall—had got them cornered. "By thunder!" Nick Chase cried. "If you don't switch off that thing, Melnar, or whatever it is, I'll—"

Dr. Melnar's dark eyes gleamed in mocking amusement. But he caught his breath sharply. "No, you don't," he cried to him something like the killer-light lamp in Captain Nick's eyes.

"Watch!" With his foot he pressed, some release spring on the floor.

The effect was staggering. There was a blinding sound, like the striking of a thousand anvil, and round the Master of the Moon, seated in his throne like chair, there instantly blazed up a curtain of fiery golden flames.

An inspired shout came from Captain Nick Chase's throat. With a gasp he realized what the thing was.

A protective ray. He had been cautioned—this gas was worthless metal in his hands. The Captain had no doubt whatever that the electric ray would deflect a bullet. And that he was, not to have been quicker!

Doctor Melnar's smile was one of scorn and triumph. "You see, my friend," he said, "I'm getting on with it—see." All—

he broke off. "See, your space-men have caught into a left in the rock!" Doctor Melnar pointed with a movement. "The Moonmen without Misch could it in case. They are lucky; they have no brains of their own. But I will teach them—"

He laughed behind his crackling web while Nick Chase, chuckling at his ready winner, stared down through the lens.

Coolly the Master of the Moon lowered his hands to the little buttons on the arms of his chair.

"Your comrades shall die," he said slowly. "I have no use for them. They landed on the Moon because I thought you were with them. I can see you, Nick Chase, for your scientific and engineering prowess."

Captain Nick stood with glittering eyes at the Master of the Moon, glancing the buttons. He was aware on his position, surrounded by the protective ray. Nick Chase had not fired a shot—he was no fool to indulge in futile gestures.

"See, they know what to do now," yelled the Master of the Moon. "They are disappearing from the rock. Watch. Ah!" he exclaimed at a sudden tone of pity. "One or two of my Moonmen are falling. Some are exhausted. Still, it is a wonderful achievement," he added. "Formerly, you see, Captain, I used a great cumbersome contraption which hovered about on the surface of the Moon and could scarcely be tilted into a lean. Now I do it all through that little box on the shelf. Yes, it does not transmit the same strength—no, or too full—more power needs to be generated. But look—see what they do—"

As Captain Nick peered at the monstrous

with the lighted eyes, a red curtain of rage seemed to fall before his eyes.

He threw up his head and loomed like a fight.

"Yes—go forward!" he said thickly.

And then, with a firm flick, he thought flashed into the famous space-adventurer's mind. It was just sheer inspiration. In a stroke he might do it—might save the space-suiters and Lord Algy who were being down

All the mad recklessness with in him now, Captain Nick Chase threw up his revolver and aiming at the little box on the shelf deliberately fired.

Crump! Crump! Crump! Crump!

It was a Colt .45, an open air rifle's gun. Captain Nick Chase fired for hours. He fired till his shoulder were exhausted, and he glared through the curtain of smoke that swathed and rolled round him.

RADIO STATIONS for the POLICE



THE first of a series of broadcasting stations for the use of the police is being erected at Priory Police Station.

At the present moment all messages for Flying Squad and "Q" cars are sent out through the Central Bureau at Northland Yard, but in the new more urgent cases four or five broadcasting stations are to be built in different parts of London.

They will be able to work independently or in co-operation with one another in the round-up of escaping suspects.

"These," said that but," he grunted. "I know I haven't got you, Mr. Moon-Master—but when I run my gun, I've got a half's eye."

And then Doctor Melnar's voice rang out.

"Fool! Fool! Look what you're doing. You're sending everything you're sending them on the Moon. By the infernal stars, you shall pay for it!"

But Captain Nick Chase paid no heed. He was staring down through the lens. And after a moment his teeth bared in a white grin in his tanned face.

Captain Nick could afford to grin.

"Isn't he going away! No, they're not! By Jove, you know, the buggers are up to some fresh mischief!" cried Algy shrilly.

Convinced in the narrow slit in the rock, Lord Algy and the space-suiters waited the gray of a hundred or more lighted machines who were disappearing from the monstrous wall.

Ahead to everything, the fair-haired young peer noted that one or two of the giant Moonmen staggered and fell as if exhausted.

"By Jove, y'know," he said, "none of these fellows are falling down. I don't think they're getting enough power, y'know," he added shrewdly.

Nevertheless, the majority of the terrifying armored Moonmen seemed imbued with sufficient vigour, as their teasing method of action testified.

"What're they up to—?" gasped Algy. Suddenly the faces of the four space-suiters became stiffened with wild horror.

"The first of them!" They're something up there—" shouted Lord Algy.

What's that?

Suddenly the stream came hurtling about them.

"Bury your heads, masters!" yelled Ching, the little Mongolian.

The gas-suiters tried to turn their heads to look at the flying death. They were made of specially toughened glass, but if they cracked to admit the freezing air, death would be instantaneous.

Like snipers they tried to hold their heads in the stances whined about them. And it must be admitted that for a few moments stark terror checked each of the four space-suiters.

"This is the faith," yelled Lord Algy. "What I could have dropped Aunt Tabitha a post-card—"

And then, without warning, the volley of stones suddenly ceased. Unaccountably, Algy looked up. He half expected something worse to follow.

But he could scarcely believe what he saw. "Why—why?" he exclaimed. "For the wondrous red glow was dying from the eyes of the giant Moonmen and they were staggering."

"Well—I mean to say, they're kicking the bucket. Look!" shouted Algy. "Pike, I say, from Pike, old boy—the Moonmen are expiring. Fading away, if you follow me."

The space-suiters were unable to believe their senses. In hope the Moonmen pined up outside the monstrous wall. A certain awe filled through the space-suiters as they watched the collapse of the Moonmen.

But Lord Algy was not affected for long. He stood up in the rock-strewn passage with his mouth in his eye and a pained grin on his face.

"Ye gods, just survey the scene of battle! I'll wager Captain Nick Chase has done this. I mean to say, give him your hearty applause. Eh, what?"

And Lord Algy commenced to stride out among the pained bodies of the giant Moonmen, while the other space-suiters picked themselves up and followed at his heels, bewildered but alert for trouble.

"Run Pike, old boy: ever hear that song called 'Tipple amongst the Tables'?" Inquired Algy as he picked his way among the fallen Moonmen.

As, up at it, he growled. Subsequently Lord Algy, wearing seriously around for further assistance. He studied his half-sign from one corner of his mouth to the other. "If this is Captain Nick's work," he declared, "I bet he's coming to go back to the Chatterbox, which we shouldn't have left. We've gotta repay those engins. Come on, your Lordship."

But dash it, you're not going to bank. Run away. Five from the Moon!" exclaimed Lord Algy. "I want to find out how these fellows work. Dash it, I say—"

The three space-suiters, however, had commenced to make tracks for the den, among shapes of the Universe.

★ DRAGON MONSTER OF THE MOON

LORD ALGY had shrewdly hit the mark when he had surmised that the vanishing of the Moonmen was the work of Captain Nick Chase.

The astute space-captain in this vented riddle of the Master had seen that, though the Master of the Moon was completely encased by the crackling protective ray, the black power belt standing on a small near his chair, was not protected. It was outside the web.

Captain Nick Chase, on that sudden inspiration, had fired at the power belt.

"Now!" he grunted. "Now what?" A laugh ripped from the red-headed space-adventurer's lips as he stood with the smoking gun. He had heard the smacking of the belt on that power belt.

Down on the Moon the black ghosts were teeping and crashing down in leaps, the red glow fading from their eyes.

Monster Terror of the Moon People

"New thing!" cried Captain Nick. "See my space-sailors making for their ship in all haste. And your Moonmen—scurried to the deck with a few revolver bullets! What're you going to do about it?"

His mocking laugh rang out. Captain Nick was past well when he was smacked.

Match, the strange winged monster, who had popped his head up from the hatchway at the sounds of the shots, visibly troubled.

Doctor Braine, the Master of the Moon, suddenly switched off the protective ray around his chair. He seemed no longer to fear Nick Chance's revolver.

He leant forward, gripping the arms of the chair, and he shook with the rage that possessed him.

"Crazy fool!" he said in a booming voice. "See what you have done. You have rendered powerless the whole of my protective array. What do you know of life on the Moon?"

"You call that life?" growled Captain Nick Chance contemptuously. "That gang of radio robots? Why, I am surprised at you, Doctor! You, a learned scientist and astronomer. Is that the best you can produce? Those tin men—!"

The Moon Master's face withered. "Hilarious mistake," he said softly. "You do not know the resources of the Moon. Take these huge craters, miles deep, on the Moon's surface. They have atmospheres, and there is life. Those Men Without Masks, they were my greatest police, to guard against the Moonmen. Ah—you change everything!"

The red-headed space-captain sobered. He knew there were monster defenses on the Moon. And he knew there was some dreaded threat to the world. He tried to drive the Master of the Moon.

"You're telling me!" he scoffed. "You're telling me, yes. And you'll see them with your own eyes. Moonmen, really like dragons, emerging through the vegetation of the dead world. Eyes like light-house lenses, and jaws to swallow a man in a gulp. The marks they make in the dust are like those of giant ducks, all worked."

Captain Nick stared. He sensed the fear that was in the mind of the Master of the Moon.

"You think I'm lying, you think I'm crazy—but I'm not," Doctor Braine went on. "That radio array was used to keep the moonmen back in their place. And now you have smashed the power. The moonmen have intelligence—an amazing sense. They will come out."

"That doesn't mean a thing to me," snarled Captain Nick. "I'm not responsible for the mad spooks in the Moon."

"But you are—you have done terrible harm," cried Doctor Braine, firing his glittering eyes at the space-captain.

"You are!" he went on slowly. "There are other defenses of the Moon—the real Moon people. They are weak physically, but they have enormous brains. They live in cities covered by laughing glass down there on the Moon. They are clever—yes. More fit to control the world than the mass millions of fools now on that beautiful Earth."

"I get you," snarled Captain Nick Chance. "You'd lead a new race on Earth. Become ruler of the Moon and the Earth. You're advancing life, Doctor Merdon."

The Master of the Moon smiled benignly, frowning brows.

"We will not talk of that yet!" he said slowly. "We will talk of the monsters you have let loose by your foolish act. Look! Look to the East, Captain. It is actually a tremendous army, and will bring such to your doom. You will see much."

Captain Nick Chance once more looked down at the brilliant screen at his feet, and suddenly he gave a violent start.

"Good! The Moon monster! And it's coming up out of the pit. It's making for the *Calverne*—it'll smother my ship!" he gasped.



Crouched in the mountain (left) the space-sailors watched the terrible Moonman hurling themselves against the solid wall, trying to get into the recess.

★ TRAPPED BY THE MOON MONSTER

LORD ALGY had lingered after the others, consumed by a curiosity about the fallen Moonmen. They were as interesting to Lord Algy as a rare sports model car, and he now had no fear of them.

The others, with their long sailing hags, had arrived back at the *Calverne*, and they cheerfully crowded through the air chamber into their boarding house.

Submarine Sam Pike had disrobed himself of space suit and helmet, and even now, with a bag of tools, was working frantically at the damaged engine.

The blue air-engine rattled on his chest, whirled with his muscles as he worked. He forgot time.

Bombie and Chang watched quietly. "I'm getting low night," growled Submarine Sam.

All three had forgotten Lord Algy.

Suddenly Braine, the great giant, looked out of one of the observation windows. He stared unseeing for a moment, then the wonder in his eyes began rolling as he drew back.

"What—what's that?" he murmured, pointing.

The two space sailors followed his trembling finger.

Terror smitten, they saw the monster of the Moon rising up from the depths below Mount Tycho.

A giant head like that of a dragon, with gaping jaws in which showed several rows of teeth, was rising high up above a green misty, glowing and hazy.

The eyes were great long plates that made the head seem blind. And they might have been blind eyes, for as the fearful thing turned its head on its swivel-like neck, it stared around—away from the planet ship—as if questioning foes.

There was a moment of stark terror. "Where's Mr. Lordship?" barked Submarine Sam.

Even as the words came from his lips the Moon monster loomed its great scowling, elephant head, from the dust and reached out with two great grey limbs, tipped with jagged claws.

"By heh!!" shouted Sam Tyke. "Surely! There he comes—the poor dumb guy! Lord Algy! And he ain't got a Chinaman's chance, no sir!"

In sailing hags Lord Algy was making for the open ship. He didn't see the Moon monster, that terrible nightmare creature—until it was too late!

A moment of horror! What can mean the picture Algy from this off-camera monster of the Moon? The N. and the world's greatest excitement. Read of the deadly battle with the Moon Monster and how Nick Chance captures the space ship of the Master of the Moon. It's a thriller!

SPACE



NO one knows what is in Space. Only the Scientist can Foretell—and in this thrilling yarn Professor A. M. Low dares to
Prophecy.

★ THE WONDER MACHINE

ESCAPES during a thundering symphony of speed, elements straining their heads of blue flame, the airborne cyclists were tearing down the narrow country road.

Heavy competition coats strapped about their helmets and goggles, twisting their heads, they looked like some strange speed demons, born on an unusual, unending contrivance.

Article a leg through, Peter Handley, was hawking a young man. "For only

headed, twenty three, Peter was enjoying himself. Just beginning a perambulation, he had just down his gun for a brief holiday.

Running along beside him as a B.S.A. was short, chubby Philip Doyen. In spite of his size he had leg, square shoulders, and he got about as easily as most. Twenty one, still at Public School, he was expecting shortly to enter his father's business as a chartered accountant.

Behind them rode Victor Stanshok, a slim young man of sixteen—happy as lucky. Aro backing out, sport him, and he made a good companion.

His bike was a bit of a one-hopper now.

"By Jove!" he cried. "That looks like some kind of a workshop. There may be a machine there who can put the pigger right. I'll go and have a squint."

The other two nodded loudly, and their eyes followed Philip as he got up and walked across the road and walked a round the field.

He disappeared behind the shed as he searched for a door. A moment later, while Victor and Peter were chatting, a short, stout man across the road and they both looked up quickly.

"Hi, you fellows!" came Philip's yell, and he saw a pair of eyes again.

"He won't hurt you, come in," said Victor.

By Professor A. M. LOW

D.Sc.



THE MAN WHO MADE TELEVISION POSSIBLE

PROFESSOR A. M. LOW, the author of our great new novel, is one of the most distinguished scientists and inventors of modern times.

He has actually been responsible for space rays, the greatest discovery of the century. He has invented the method used for warping and lifting of outcropping airplanes from the earth, and he was the discoverer of the new method of using the radio waves.

It was Professor Low who first discovered television in London, in 1914. The system which television has made it, twenty years ago a great deal in the first place.

His latest work is the most important in the history of the world, and the most important in the history of the world.

His latest work is the most important in the history of the world, and the most important in the history of the world.

His latest work is the most important in the history of the world, and the most important in the history of the world.

His latest work is the most important in the history of the world, and the most important in the history of the world.

tion—and that was why he had, looked the other way.

But he knew his old bike was not at all good now, he was looking really for a new one, the one he wanted to see.

Something was wrong. There was a different note in the middle and clatter.

Then, without warning, Victor's machine packed up. It gave one coughing splutter and then expired.

"Hi!" Victor's face followed the motor-cyclists in front and they came to a sudden screeching stop.

"Why, don't you know it?" Philip Peter yelled as he looked back. He was confused to be strapping at times, but behind his language manner was a good heart.

The two motor-cyclists turned their machines round and came slowly back to where Victor was bent over his machine, taking about. But the machine seemed to have given up for good now.

The three spent a quarter of an hour over the machine, getting thoroughly stuck and out, but she refused even to budge.

"Better had a sprayer," suggested Peter. "Be sure it's the pump."

Reckon it's the whole blooming collection of old iron," got in Philip. "Never let me down now, now. How far is the village?"

"It'll be about half a mile," answered Peter as they started to push their machines along the road.

The three were on holiday, so time was no object, but it was warm work pushing their heavy cycles, and after ten minutes they propped their machines against a hedge and sat down on the grass verge.

Philip suddenly noticed a big shed some distance from the road.

"Seems pretty excited about it," Peter observed as they slowly walked towards the shed.

"What a car running here?" Philip was certainly coming back at a good pace. He seemed breathless.

"What's all the excitement about?" asked Peter.

Philip spluttered and coughed his breath. "It's the most weird contraption you've ever set eyes on," he said.

"What is it?" demanded Victor.

"It's in that shed," Philip said lamely. "I've never seen anything like it. It's—it's like one of those things you see on the pictures. Come on."

Before the other two could step into, Philip was tearing back the way he had come. The other two followed and came to the door of the shed. It was wide open, and an amazing sight met the gaze of the three young motor-cyclists.

Standing before them in the shed was a high, narrow object which looked like a mixture of a motor-bike and a balloon. The upper part seemed to consist of aluminum. It glowed brightly. The aluminum ended on a queer looking kind of base, the top of which formed the floor of the shed.

"Gosh!" gasped Philip. "What on earth is it?"

Victor, youngest but boldest of the three, walked up to the balloon.

"One hour, it's nearly all aluminum," he said. "What is it for? Look! That's a ladder leading up to the upper door. There are, I think, I'm going to have a squint at this."

And with this invitation he began to climb up the ladder.

Peter and Philip watched him rather doubtfully.

"Supposing the power should come along,"

Another Great Scoop for SCOOPS

said Peter. "He wouldn't like to see you poking about this thing, whatever it is."

Philip was curious, too, however.

"It's all right," he said, and he followed Victor up the ladder and into the cabin.

Professor Slater was a combination of surprise and fear. He had never seen them, and he was sure they were not the same.

It was an amazing place, crowded with every gadget of all kinds. There were strange wires and cylinders, an object that looked like a houseplant, steel tubes, endless switches, a sort of automatic cage and, it seemed to Philip, a hundred other instruments.

"Like a wonder house of the future," said Philip. "Good! What's this?" and he grabbed one of the many mysterious gadgets.

"Looks like some scientific instrument," returned Victor.

Peter was getting excited at the end of the cabin. "Listen; what's that?" he said suddenly.

His two companions stopped to listen, and all three heard, very softly at first, but gradually growing louder, a low humming noise.

"What's that?" exclaimed Philip, looking round. "What is it? Where is it coming from?"

"I say," said Peter doubtfully. "Let's get out."

"Don't be a frightened cat," said Victor. "I think it's pretty interesting, all of it, but I should like to know what that humming noise is."

★ THE BALLOON GOES UP

IT all happened because the Professor was hungry!

Even professors must eat, but it was unfortunate that Alfred Joseph Slater, M.D., M.D., should have chosen his lunch hour at this time.

On the day this story opens the Professor went down to his lab, but not as usual, but as a man who is not a man. He had been summoned out for a big event, the greatest happening in Slater's life, and one at which he had long dreamed—the day for the ascent of the *Aeronautilus*!

All his dreams and every penny of his money were concentrated on the amazing work of scientific possibilities—this wonderful balloon.

The prospect of sailing in the unexplored spaces of the sky, of watching from the stratosphere the secrets it had held since time began, fired the Professor beyond all others.

He had the greatest faith in his balloon. Every detail represented years of thought and work; there was almost an inspiration in every bolt and piece of machinery. But the Professor's great brain sometimes overlooked important details, and it was so in this case. Although he had checked and re-checked the design, equipment and accessories of the balloon, there was one thing that he forgot—and that was to lock the door of the bungalow before he hurried to his house a short distance away for his lunch.

Slater had planned to make the ascent alone and in great secrecy. Besides his wife, only two other people knew of the details of the balloon and of the projected ascent.

These two were Dr. Harmon, an old school friend, and Professor Marsden, who had assisted Slater in the construction of the balloon, which had actually been built in the barn in which it now stood.

The Professor had arranged to make his momentary stay immediately after lunch.

It was a hurried, nervous meal, for Slater was greatly excited. He would not sit down to be comforted by sandwiches and gulped down a glass of wine, and even so he ate as if he were eating for the first time.

Looking out of the dining-room window he pointed to the blue sky. "In less than half an hour I shall be up there," he cried, with the gleam of a gleaming ascent to start on his first balloon trip.

I shall come down with news of the

greatest scientific secrets of all time. At one blow I shall make possible the trans-Atlantic air route.

For years these half-efficient madmen, who call themselves scientists, have been tinkering about, trying to discover how an airplane could fly from London to New York in a few hours. They have been dealing with weather reports and studying conditions in the stratosphere.

"But it is up there the secrets lie and I will find them. I know I shall!"

Having finished his lunch, Professor Slater prepared to leave the house for the barn. There was, in fact, little to do, for the balloon had been prepared to perfection for its ascent.

About the only thing he had to do was to saddle a horse in the Barn Society, returning them officially that his work-making attempt was about to begin.

He handed the letter to a servant and then rode to his wife. "Good-bye!"

At her own wish, Mrs. Slater was remaining in the house, as a natural anxiety for her husband caused her a strong desire at the risk of seeing the balloon actually ascend.

She took the Professor an affectionate "Good-bye," and he left the house.

At the front gate he looked up and down the road for his two friends, Dr. Harmon and Professor Marsden, who were to see him off.

In a few minutes the two men appeared, and then all three walked towards the barn. Professor Slater talking excitedly about his imminent adventure.

When the three men were about two hundred yards from the barn, Professor Marsden suddenly stopped.

"Wait! What's that?" he exclaimed. The other halted and listened intently.

There was no mistaking the sound. The low humming was clearly audible.

"Good heavens!" shouted Slater, breaking into a run. "Someone's touched the ascending valve. Quick, or we shall be too late!"

The other two men raced toward the barn for the bungalow.

When they were about fifty yards away, they saw the fragile shell being lifted bodily

from the ground, at first quite slowly, and then with a sudden rush.

The stratosphere balloon was going up! As they watched, it was already fifty or sixty feet in the air, and the wood and canvas of the shed had fallen from the balloon back to the ground.

Professor Slater stood transfixed as he watched. He was unable to say a word, although his lips trembled.

"Mug!" involuntarily Professor Marsden lifted up his hand and shouted to whoever might be in the barn.

Then the three men on the ground had another moment of breathless horror.

Not far from the bungalow—what had been the bungalow—was an enormous metal mast, almost a thousand feet in height.

Caught by the wind, the balloon, obviously out of control, was carried rapidly towards the mast, spinning round like a top as it did so.

"Good gracious!" shouted Slater, who had now recovered his speech. "It's going to hit... It's going to hit... It'll be crushed like an egg!"

He turned his face at his hands.

★ HURLING INTO SPACE

INSIDE the balloon itself there were three terrified and sweating passengers.

It was the odd curiosity of Philip that had landed them in this amazing predicament.

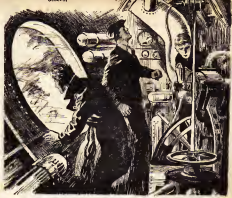
He had touched the ascending valve, and Peter, having become thoroughly alarmed by the continued humming, was about to get out, muttering that the others should go up, when the balloon had suddenly gone up.

Actually he had far from the cabin when the ascent began to rise.

That was too late.

The excitement of the Professor and his companions below had been clearly observed by the top.

Looking out of the observation post of the wonder ship, he saw the ground falling away below. Terror-stricken, he yelled to the others,



At a Thousand Miles an Hour into Space

Vic was pale with fright. It was he who saw the radio beam and shouted to the others.

None of them knew anything about the balloon, and Peter looked round the cabin for some kind of reinforcement or lever—something that would enable them quickly to avoid the huge steel pylons.

But he could see nothing that he understood.

In desperation he yelled out: "Blind your selves against the side. Quick—as hard as you can."

Not knowing why they did it, the others obeyed.

The balloon stopped spinning and began to bump its way slightly to the right. Peter's cabin idea had been an inspiration and, for the moment, they were safe.

They drew a deep breath of relief as they glided past the pylon, which was now so near that they could almost have reached it with their hands.

The balloon rose rising steadily, and with surprise from the trio looked down at the receding earth.

No longer could they make out the spires of the three castles, houses and buildings were becoming minute specks.

Realizing that if they were to get down again something would have to be done quickly, Peter and his companions made another survey of the contents of the cabin.

That it was all such a fearful jumble. Not one of them could make head or tail of it.

There were several levers in line, but nothing to indicate what they were for, and the young men dared not touch any of them for fear of the consequences.

"If we pull one," assumed Peter, "it might disturb the unbalanced balloon, and we'd drop to earth like a stone."

"Why didn't the fellow who built it label his gadgets?" put in Vic.

"Good heavens," retorted Peter hopelessly.

"We must be at least five thousand feet up now," said Philip, who had estimated quite all this time. "We're probably rising at a speed of one thousand feet a minute. I wonder if the thing will stop itself!"

At the moment the sides of the balloon plunged into darkness.

"Gosh!" cried Philip. "What's happened?"

Peter laughed.

"It's all right," he told them. "We've reached a big cloud and we're passing up through it, that's all!"

Monitors, which collected quickly on the thick windows of the cabin gave confirmation to Peter's explanation.

A few moments later the balloon emerged from the cloud and light poured into the cabin once more.

"I was just thinking," said Philip.

"What was the balloon built for?" It was obviously meant for some definite purpose.

A great deal of time and money must have been spent on it.

"There's no doubt," replied Peter, "that it's one of the boldest built for exploring the atmosphere. We've been doing a lot in the old run lately about experiments to see if it isn't possible for an airplane to fly in a few hours across to America by first of all reaching the stratosphere."

"I've said about it, too," interrupted Vic. "But—let—let me, these people go up ten miles or more, don't they? You don't think we're going up ten miles, do you?"

"Not if we can help it," replied Philip.

"The question is, how are we to stop ourselves?" Peter looked at the others.

"I remember reading in another newspaper about some ascent attempt that was going to be made on this stratosphere," he said. "Our senior partner was talking about it in the office the other day. He said it was all being hushed up. It was to be something on a big scale and that Professor—Siller or Siller, I think the name was—was to be building a second balloon somewhere. However, I wonder if this is his balloon?"

He had hardly finished speaking when the balloon suddenly came to a complete standstill.

Vic had taken control of one monitor in an instant that was not noticed with fear.

They held their breaths, wondering what was going to happen next.

The monitor went by and all three remained still and tense, but the balloon showed no signs of any further movement.

More than an hour had passed and the balloon still remained motionless.

The hour had been filled by intense discussion on the part of Peter, Philip and Vic. They had taken control of the rest of the cabin and had made notes and diagrams of it.

As they now stared at the row of levers they wished that some brilliant inspiration would help them to decide which was the right one to pull to make the balloon descend to the earth as steadily as it had risen. All the levers looked exactly alike.

At last Peter came to a sudden decision.

"Now listen," he said. "We'll have to take a chance. I suggest that we pull back the first lever just an inch or two at least to give us time to discover what its effect will be and if possible, by pulling the lever back quickly, avoid any unpleasant consequences."

The others agreed to the suggestion and watched breathlessly as Peter, with intense caution, took hold of the first lever and attempted to pull it slightly.

It would not budge, and he applied more pressure. Still the thing refused to work.

Then Peter gave it a tug. Instantly the lever drew back to its full extent. The balloon trembled violently and all three looked at each other with frightened faces.

A moment later there was a roar from below the floor of the cabin and a great sheet of flame leapt out. The cabin itself became filled with smoke.

The trembling of the balloon increased in violence for a second or two and suddenly Peter shouted hoarsely.

"It's a rocket balloon. I've fired off one of the rockets. Lie on the floor and hold tight!"

Almost at once the balloon shot rapidly into the air.

Lying, clanking the floor of the smoke-filled cabin, the three men were being hurled into the stratosphere at the rate of a thousand miles an hour.

A deafening, thundering roar was in their ears and they were thinking desperately of their lives and safety.

Strong as their legs was, they had no conception of the perils which lay before them in the uncharted regions of space.

A general story, indeed! Next week *Postmaster* have taken us up to the sun and shown the amazing experience of the three young men. Come with them into the stratosphere, with its southern winds and falling petals, with its mysterious clouds and dark, sinister-looking stars.

CAN it be Done?

Gadgets waiting to be invented



Thousands of ships—ferry of those a shore generally—will work on bridges. For, by inventing, outside the country million of pounds a year, and some means of dispersing it, as suggested in our picture, would make a fortune for its inventor. In this new world where we will thousands more of things waiting to be invented. Perhaps you may have a brilliant. Perhaps you will think to be such.

A general story, indeed! Next week *Postmaster* have taken us up to the sun and shown the amazing experience of the three young men. Come with them into the stratosphere, with its southern winds and falling petals, with its mysterious clouds and dark, sinister-looking stars.

Voice from the Void

It came From Nowhere and disappeared into Nothingness, and with it came a Voice—a Mighty Voice that spoke From the Void

★ A KING'S LIFE IS SAVED

The Phantom Ship? The unknown tremored the water as he looked out over the dark waters.

All around the Felicity started to go on and saw that which called the wind-belted waters of the wide estuary as never ship sailed before.

It was a vessel and human shape, unlike a ship in that pitch darkness. It held a grimy light of something that lived and made the waters as a monster might have ridden them; a blood-bred, a blooded body, a dark eye that glowed dead white.

King Sam, the shipper, was transfixed by the sight of it. The unknown man could only stand and stare. He tried to speak and found himself silent.

Unknown, the muffled, whizzed round the ship in the whitehouse clattering in terror.

In the darkness of the forward hulls Jimmy coughed and wondered.

He was in a desperate position.

Known to all his friends as "Cliff" since his infancy, he had recently been given a Secret Service job by his uncle, Lord Bessington, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

All he had been told was that he had to investigate the mystery of a Phantom Ship which had been seen on the River, side of the Thames. Bessington, and more queer talk of a Voice from the Void that spoke out of Nowhere. The only lead he had been given was that he should find something at all he called the Fighting Kingship Jimmy had duty to himself, and in a dark nearby he had seen the Phantom. A last photograph, there was nothing wrong with him—except that she seemed a torpedo tube. This had interested Jimmy, and he had bounded for when she got under way.

He had found that the Felicity was after a ship with a foreign flag aboard, and then her weird, mysterious, was guessed, that would be like a Secret Service man.

Under cover of the darkness in the forward hatch he had carefully disposed of the only man on board who knew how to operate the torpedo.

That had come that mysterious cry of the Phantom Ship.

It seemed as if, and as he crouched there, he suddenly heard the voice of King, the shipper.

"About ship!" came the cry.

But the order was too late. The Felicity was moving fast. Her helmsman was absolutely transfixed, frozen stiff with terror, his hands clasp on the polished brass of the steering wheel's rim.

The Phantom Ship loomed high. Jimmy, peering from a tiny opening, was happening, back a quivering jump, clutched the edge of the hatch and looked himself deathward in time to meet the sinister flash in the face.

Something barred the Felicity's way, came like a wall. There was a crash forward that buckled the deck but as a human body a the crew. She shuddered sideways and round, proper still unshaking. Then she stopped again, and began to dip like a stone.

And as she stopped the Voice from the Void laughed! Mad, derisive laughter that rang across the light-dotted water of water, the laughter of doom.

Jimmy, struggling in the water, found something at his side. It was Adams. He grabbed the little monkey's neck and pulled him towards the back of his own head. Adams got a somewhat painful grip on his hair and clung there, snatching away and possibly revealing his opinion of the whole affair in ungrammatical language—he had been a master's monkey all his life.

The Phantom Ship was veering off. Jimmy could see its blotted body moving away. It dived into the darkness and—suddenly—disappeared.

It did not tell beyond the far horizon, it could not turn into any headbashed bow, it could shatter nowhere. It was just revealed up by the darkness—as it sank through the black, water. Jimmy did not know. He only knew that just as it had suddenly appeared from the darkness it did it ship away into that darkness and was waiting no more.

And now he was retreating slowly, covering his strength somewhere on the edge of the great Prince's Channel, with the Girl behind him.

No more, to his right, the red and green of a ship's lights shining in his direction and he began to doubt. Doubt he could see what power of ship she was—sailing ship, sailing down with the wind, before to port, her shape spread like the white wings of a great bird.

Now, by him something glashed. He heard a shout, and, indeed, from the voice,



that it was the man in the minnow. In their common danger they both yelled at the top of their voices, and by all the miracles of chance the lookout in the front of the silent sailing ship just heard a faint echo of their cries.

She came round on her heel. A searchlight beam came round the darkness, swept the way and then it focused Jimmy's face with brilliance, stretched—hold. . . . A boat rose on board, all dark and swift. Navy lanterns, then were dropped. A sailing ship had effected another rescue at sea.

Jimmy, Adams and the man in the minnow came to the billowing deck of the white ship. Adams, with one look around, leapt to the rail and covered away to safety again.

The man in the minnow stood silently, glowing round him. Now and again he gave Jimmy a questioning glance. Jimmy was unwilling to speak, reluctant.

A smart-looking man stepped forward. He gave a nodding salute to the minnow, and somebody had noticed him and reported to him as a foreign Jimmy did not know.

It was Jimmy now, about thirty five, quite good-looking but just a little hard about the eyes and lips. He addressed them both in good English.

"You are fortunate, gentlemen, in the sharp eyes of my crew. I suggest that you get below and take off your wet things. This ship is being prepared for you. This vessel is the White Lady, bound for London."

Jimmy stared. He was aware that the man in the minnow had stiffened slightly. The White Lady. . . . King Sam's ship. . . . and also, of course, the man whose hand had been so much feared.

The man in the minnow suddenly laughed hysterically. His hand came from his pocket, Jimmy saw the wet stain of a pocket and then sideways in a box. Jimmy looked.

The man in the minnow shifted awkwardly, Jimmy stared with him. They moved to the rail in a sudden and desperate effort while eyes moved towards them.

The man in the minnow was up. His gun lay on the deck. He saw two of the minnow crew within a yard of him, and, peering something unspeakable, he jumped outwards.

They didn't find him. They hung about. They kept the water again with their light.

A Bald Killer makes a Friendly Call

That the man is the assassin had gone to answer for all his time.

Jimmy went before, and a king walked with him.

"I owe you my life," said Karl of Kneale. "I suppose I am permitted to know what it is all about?"

Jimmy glanced up at Adelaide, who, having been advised to the cabin, now clung with one hand to a bucket and mumbled a not-clapped-in-the-ether.

"If you will refer to Lord Broadwater, sir," said Jimmy carefully. "I think he'll tell you. I'm his nephew."

The White Lady asked him. She dropped her book in one of the places below London Bridge. King Karl only saw the Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and heard quite a lot of things of which Jimmy was ignorant. When he had heard that he was looked a little better to read. It was from Jimmy to his uncle.

Dear Uncle Bill,

I don't know if I ought to start this letter with "My Lord," seeing that it's an official communication, but what's a title more or less as between uncle and nephew, anyway? Fighting Frigate looked. Took my eye in last week-end called Princeps. Saw your Phantom Ship. She took an owl then wounded very mysteriously. I saved a ready and King Karl of Kneale—both in one night. Pretty good work. Talking of those experiences—out of with twenty graces. Still hard at work. Will report later. Heavily is the end of war. Don't forget me of rest, will you? Put my name on the income tax to pay for it. Think of the value in brains you're getting. Cheerer.

Jimmy

King Karl laughed. "A rather extraordinary young man," he observed.

"Quite," said Lord Broadwater.

It had to be recorded that the newspapers were absolutely wild regarding the whole affair. The Phantom Ship had just run into the darkness of the century and vanished, and nobody said a single word about her fate.

★ DYING MAN'S CLUE

THESE was disturbance in the house of Dr. Braggman, the chief of the medical staff, to whom the Vice from the Vice had sent spoken.

Something had just come somewhere. He knew that the Phantom Ship had just been seen. He knew the big motor boat had sailed from the Fighting Frigate to do so. The rest was silence and silence was not good in a matter of that sort.

Somebody had, so to speak, dropped a quaver into the number machine he had created, and he wanted to find out who that somebody was, and, more, what the Vice from the Vice might be.

Braggman decided to come to London, and he took a millionaire's name in the great Hotel Magnificent in Piccadilly.

Jimmy, sitting off on the chaise tract, was now—though he as yet was unaware of it—matched up against a gigantic and marvellous organism. He carried his life in his hands from the moment Braggman stepped off the Golden Arrow at Victoria Station and was driven to the Hotel Magnificent in royal fashion.

But Jimmy wasn't worrying. Lord Broadwater had said that something of the mystery might be discovered on the Essex side west Jimmy, taking Adelaide with him. Adelaide had become attached to Jimmy, and would now have been, particularly as Jimmy had in many languages, "put him on the strength."

and returned her daily with love and fruit and occasional bits of anger and coverts.

The official records of this strange affair alone are allowed to tabulate actual place

names and dates, so that in the matter of geography were slight liberty must be taken in this medical discourse in order to preserve essential secrecy.

Jimmy arrived at the little Essex coast town of Dunburgh in a motor-car. He borrowed that car from his friend Fritz Jones, who had a lot of money and then came, and told Jimmy to take what he liked.

So Jimmy selected a twenty horse sports Lagonda, a remarkably fast machine on the exhaust of which Fritz had operated in person, so that it emitted a continuous machine gun-like drum pleasing to the ears of people like Fritz and Jimmy.

A picturesque yet strange place, this Dunburgh, standing where the wide and dense marshes passed the sea. It consisted of a crooked street of quaint houses, shops and two inns. The pavement was cobble, and old-fashioned gables sagged towards the sky.

Jimmy had taken a furnished cottage. It stood in the street, above the golden beach and the narrow strip of the sandings, and was in the shape of Dunburgh. The cottage had a big window shed attached which could house the Lagonda.

Jimmy had rented the place by the first night, and did not know how long he might stay there.

He had already spent a day in wandering round and making himself familiar with the place, and now it was nightfall once more.

Ask your Newsagent to deliver
SCOOPS
Every Thursday.....2d.

He was out on the marshes. Somewhere, if Lord Broadwater were right, the Great Secret lurked, the incredible secret of the Vice from the Vice and the Phantom Ship. Jimmy had stayed out for hours, tramping, watching, waiting, and now he turned back disappointed and cold and a little tired. Being going, he had lighted the fire in his sitting-room, and a cheerful glow greeted him.

He made some coffee, and was sitting up and down when he heard a scraping at the front door. It was too dark as though a crawling, living thing scratched its finger demand for admission.

Leaving his coffee and basin, he ran to the door and cautiously opened it, for in this isolated place he was as alone as though he stayed in the midst of the Sahara.

A hand came round the edge of the door, clanking a light—a hand with fingers wet and red.

Jimmy stooped, pulling the door wide, watching it from the fringe, group of those wet fingers, and so he saw a figure. The man lay prone across the threshold, and in the middle of the back of his jacket was a crimson stain.

Jimmy got him up. He was a roughly dressed fellow, and his face was dirty. The hair that had let him had gone clean through him, from back to chest. When Jimmy got him into a chair he was coughing his life away.

The young Secret Service man was coughing and trying to find bandages when the man put out a hand.

"Don't... matter... Got none... I know... Look out... note... After... Really... See? Really... Phew... Phew... oh... Oh... Oh..."

He died from the chest, and Jimmy saw his first dead man.

He stood and stared at him, at the unusually twisted shape, the grey and awful

face... and the man's words crashed on his understanding as he did so.

Really—a nickname, of course, but a nickname which probably meant something. A bold man, a grim killer who had shot his gun straight through the back as he was, had shot him from somewhere close, too, under the darkness. And the Phantom Ship... It all centred round the Phantom Ship. But, sending this dying man groping through the darkness for any shelter he could find, had brought on his lips a message to Jimmy concerning the Phantom Ship.

Something must be done immediately. A doctor and the police had to be summoned. Jimmy managed to pick him up and place him decently, covering him with a sheet. He had just finished when there was a knock on his front door.

He stayed for a second, crouching by the dead man, every muscle alert, every nerve at high tension. The knock was repeated.

Jimmy closed the room door and opened the front door. Two men stood there. The foremost was stoutish. He was breathing fast as though he had run a great distance, and he wore a hat. There was not a hair on his head.

Bully!

★ SCREENS ON THE MARSHES

THE bold man spoke first. He had a high-pitched guttural voice, with a tone which that was just his method.

"I am looking for a friend," he said quietly. The small and bird-like eyes roved restlessly while his lips smiled. "A friend. Yes. He—he had an accident. He was well and shooting, and—was a good sport. He might have come this way."

"No, what I've been in," said Jimmy.

"At least, nobody has called."

He turned the eyes and asked, "Why travelling all alone?" Jimmy. They travelled up and down the coast, from the cottage to the house of the little entrance passage-way.

"Ah!" Jimmy's smile was more. "Thank you. I am very sorry you have been troubled." He chuckled, and his chuckle was gleefully in Jimmy's ears. "Really, please, like a telephone operator, doesn't it?"

If you will pardon me, sir."

He drew back, and the little man who was his companion went with him. Jimmy stood and watched them go down the little path to the narrow stretch of marsh grass between the trees and the forehouse. He was about to close the door when he looked down.

At his feet, whereupon the step, was a pool of blood from the dead man's wound!

Jimmy closed the door and studied his clue. He remembered Fritz's wrong place, the man with his coat, the little man who was, and a cold shiver ran down his spine. He had made a mistake. He should instantly have ascertained that the dead man had been his cottage, and he should have postponed concerns and gone straight forthwith in order to discover Bully.

As it was, he had led, and Bully would know he had led; from which Bully would deduce that the dead man had spoken to Jimmy in such fashion that Jimmy was aware of it with a bold head.

And Bully, having killed once, would not hesitate to kill again—to ensure all silence.

There was only one thing to do, and that was to get to Dunburgh as quickly as possible. Taking the Lagonda was useless over that short distance. He had to make it short, and soon.

The cottage was a double-fronted one, having a small room on either side of its front door, and he went into the dark one of those two rooms and cautiously looked out.

He thought he saw a shadow move near his gate, a big shadow, and he guessed that Bully's large companion was watching from this side. Bully would be at the back.

Voice From the Void Accuses a Murderer

He had no instinct to turn out all the lights and make a bolt for it, but the extinguishing of the lights would mean that he intended to make a run. He went back to the sitting room.

Adams, the monkey, had got hold of the neglected hypoderm and had cleaned it out of eggs and bones, of which he was very fond. He was in a slouching mood, and he chuckled at Jimmy as he jumped to the top of a tall old bookcase, carrying the frying pan with him.

"You shut up," said Jimmy critically, "I'll deal with you later."

It was then that he heard something at the door and upon moral, memory flashing instantly within him. He had forgotten to lock the back door.

Baldy stood staring at him, and in Baldy's hand was a gun.

"You know," said Baldy quietly, "a man never achieves great success. It is always better to die in the truth. An upright man like myself can assure you, from wide experience, that such is the case." His tone changed. "Stand still, you young dog," he roared, "or I'll blow your life out."

Jimmy stopped. The man's Baldy face had become terribly undecent. His bloodshot eyes flashed to the chest, and he lay with dreadful understanding.

"So he's dead," he muttered. "Dead, eh? Stone dead, like old Morley. Baldy? And you lied about it." Again his tone changed. "Why? Eh? Answer me! Why? What did he say?"

"That you had killed him," replied Jimmy quietly, and waited for the first long stark of light, the staring aspect of metal banded hair.

On top of the bookcase Adams chattered away. Baldy looked up and cursed him. He did it viciously, almost tenderly, and he shook his empty hand at the little monkey. Adams smiled at him, little teeth gleaming, eyes redolent.

"Now Baldy said something," and why should he come to you, eh? Why should he? What do you know about it all?"

Something in Jimmy's tone was working fast. "As much as he did," he replied. "And probably more than you. The Phantom Ship—and all that..."

Baldy's eyes widened.

Adams issued a stream of monkey language, and Baldy yelled at him again and shook his fist as though he would strike him. Adams did over a course of the bookcase and chattered with one hand.

Baldy spoke to Jimmy once more. "I see. All in the dear delightful mess together! How charming! And now we will have a talk." The gun lifted. "I will give you five words in which to start telling me all you know. If you don't speak—you'll be dead for ever. Shut with it!"

He began to count in an even voice, the gun as steady as a rock.

"One! Two! Three!"

And then Adams did something he was very fond of doing, particularly in people he did not like.

He threw the frying pan straight at Baldy's face.

It hit the man between the eyes. He yelled at the top of his voice and went backwards, his gun crashing like thunder in the wooden pane of the room.

Adams, having executed this deed of vengeance, gave the tall one leap from the bookcase to the top of the open door, and another leap from there into the darkness of the passage beyond.

Baldy was on the floor, shouting and shouting, heavily hoarse, and with two black eyes protruded before morning. Jimmy was across him and sat, hawking backwards, now worrying about Adams, who he guessed could not be good even if he died.

There was a knocking at the front door, and the sound of a man yelling. Baldy's screams had heard the shouting and the shouting was trying to get in.

Jimmy, however, was no longer at home to

refuse. He was clearing his way across the kitchen, dashing out through the back door which Baldy had left open, and feeling himself in the safe-keeping air of the morning.

He settled down to run. He struck the ground and which skirted the sea, and ran northwards right along the beach edge, and he bolted along it in the direction of those burghs for all he was worth.

As he ran he was conscious of a great white light behind him, coming in fast—the headlights of a car. He guessed. They would reveal him to Baldy and his companion if those two desperadoes were up and out after him. On either side of the road was a deep dyke, so that it was impossible to turn off.

The car began to reverse along the roof in the direction of the cottage.

Nobody spoke. The driver, a gentleman seen earlier in a big double-breasted blue coat, handled his machine skilfully, keeping it straight as the narrow road until he could swing back and make the short run towards Jimmy's cottage.

As the lights made a wide arc round across the middle two men broke from the cottage and began to sprint through the darkness of the grass above the dykes.

The light-parked them up and held them, following them anxiously as the car's head was slowly turned.

They were Baldy and his companion, but he, startled, running for their lives.



Chattering in high place, the monkey hurled the frying-pan straight at Baldy's face. The killer fell backwards, his gun crashing out.

The lights held him, and he realized that his one hope was to stop the car and ask for a lift over the short half mile distance to the village.

Accordingly he raised Baldy and his friend being near enough to shout at him and to stand in the middle of the road and wave his arms.

The car came to a grinding standstill. It was a very big closed machine, dark in colour, and its engine thrashed powerfully.

A voice stopped at him: "What do you want?"

Jimmy gasped: "Murder." At that cottage—my cottage—was there. A man's face shot. "The murderer may still be there. A man with a bald head. . . . Look out for him."

He heard a startled exclamation. A voice came to him from the car's interior.

"Get in beside the driver. Hurry, Haddock!"

And in the silence, broken only by the thrab of the engine, the Voice from the Void raised to them both.

"Baldy! Baldy! Baldy! I know you! I know you, Baldy! A life for a life! To be brought by the neck until you are dead. . . . Baldy!"

Baldy screamed and ran on, covering his ears with his hands, trying to shut out that gothic and awful cry.

But the Voice from the Void pursued him across the cottages, pursued him and held him, and yelled its message of doom through the foggy with which he tried to stuff it.

And Jimmy ran down beside the driver of the big one and told himself that there was mystery indeed, mystery piled high across a dead man's grey life.

Who is Jimmy—the terrible killer? What does he know of the Phantom Ship and the Voice from the Void? Mystery adds an mystery in this wild story. Don't miss next week's exciting installment.

Sheer PERSONALITY



"Queen Elizabeth" snatched up the beam and waved her head like a sceptre. "No, valets and gentlemen of the Court," she cried, "come in and seize him!"

★ MASTER—OR CLOWN?

THE strange history of Professor Dingle's research into the survival of personality began with a lecture he delivered before a scientific society of which he was a member.

"Nothing is ever really destroyed," he stated. "We can simply break it up, or change its form by the action of fire or other methods. For instance, every particle of a burnt-out candle still exists in the form of carbon, melted grease, and gases floating in the atmosphere."

"Agreed," said his listeners rather impatiently. But when the Professor went on to argue that the same thing was true of human personality there were loud cries of dissent. Despite this, however, he firmly stuck to his guns.

"It's right, and it's true!" he shouted. "If matter is indestructible the same thing must be true of personality, who can simply the product of matter brought together in form the tissues of a human body and brain. And, somewhere in the void, the mighty personalities of the past must still exist in the same way as the gases of the burnt-out candle still exist in the atmosphere!"

"Bah!"

Professor Dingle glared at the two principal interrupters along his distinguished audience. They were Sir James Lloyd, leader of His Majesty's Opposition in Parliament, and Mr Henry Huckle, K.C., a famous lawyer.

"And here," he continued heatedly, "we have a scientific explanation for the widespread belief in ghosts. Very often these sorts of articles which have been covered by these famous men or women. And why?"

Because, in some way, these articles have absorbed some of the personality of their famous owners.

"I go further and say that which catches outside thoughts, would act as a magnet, pulling past by the overwhelming of the complete personality."

His distinguished audience refused to listen to any more. A ripple of derisive laughter and chuckling and stamping of feet made it impossible for him to get in another word.

"The man's mad!" said Mr Henry Huckle, K.C.

"Absolutely talking through his hat," agreed the famous politician.

Professor Dingle glared at them more fiercely than ever.

"Very well," he said quietly. "One day I will prove to you both that I am right."

And six months later he emerged from a haunted like existence in his laboratory fully, talking his hands.

Back had happened during those six months. There had been a general election; Sir James Lloyd was now Prime Minister, and just recently Mr Henry Huckle, K.C., had been made a peer.

"But I'll show them just the same," Professor Dingle told himself.

At first again he had found didn't seem to answer to very much. It looked like a very cleverly made, made of a shell, had the metal. Inside the metal tube, however, was a highly concentrated radio-active substance. This continuously emitted mysterious and invisible rays of immense range and power, and was practically overruling. The terrible metal of which the tube was made was the only substance the Professor had discovered which the rays could not penetrate.

That had been his chief difficulty—to find a method of keeping the mysterious rays under his complete control. But now he could release or shut off the rays at will by means of a switch button operating a small shutter over the mouth of the tube.

IN his experiments in the higher realms of Science Professor Dingle went too far. When he planted the personality of a comic singer in the Prime Minister, and made Napoleon live again in his own person he made a tragic mistake.

by means of a switch button operating a small shutter over the mouth of the tube.

"And the dolls who laughed at me will certainly laugh on the other sides of their faces when I do release them."

The Professor's planned demonstration was interrupted by the appearance of a large, red-faced lady bearing a soap and bucket of hot water. She was the chambermaid who called to "do out" the two small living rooms attached to his laboratory every evening.

"Ladies, sir," was her greeting, "but 'and all night again! You'll be working' just tell me a bedtime if you can't sleep!"

In the ordinary way the Professor did not live on the premises. He slept and had his meals, when he had time for any, at his club nearby.

"There isn't to say more of it, Mrs. Mivens," he answered. "I have made my great discovery."

"Ladies, sir, that fine?" he asked Mrs. Mivens in her turn.

"Yes, dear lady, in me you behold the first and Master of Mind. Herewith, with my assistance, the struggling young playwright will be able to call upon the mighty personality of Shakespeare, the young novelist, the master pen of Charles Dickens; the young inventor—"

"Ladies, sir," said Mrs. Mivens, beginning to look at him rather askance, "what on earth are you talking about?"

Professor Dingle shook his head with an amazed smile.

"Oh, be silent, Mrs. Mivens, you demand proof before you will believe," he chuckled. "And why shouldn't you have it right here and now?"

Rather hesitantly Mrs. Mivens laid down her bucket of water while he hurried into his laboratory. He came back with an old-fashioned roll of fat linen, such as was worn round the neck by both sexes during the 18th century.

"This," he continued impressively, "was once the personal property of the great Queen Elizabeth. Kindly put it on, Mrs. Mivens, and next morning appear to me in that chair."

Mrs. Mivens had had some previous experience of his queer little ways. Besides, she was glad of the excuse to get down to rest.

"Very well, sir," she replied. "But I hope you don't want me to go along in one of those three heavy down beds or anything?"

"Nothing like that, Mrs. Mivens, I assure you," coaxed the Professor, helping her to step on the raft. "Immediately I am satisfied that the experiment is a success, I will switch off and be home in an hour."

The chambermaid took the foggy idea of what he was really getting at. Knowing it with the old-fashioned roll gave her a vague notion that the Professor probably wanted to take her photograph with some new kind of camera.

"And she 'are very belonged to a great Queen?" she asked.

"The very greatest England ever had," Professor Dingle assured her. "It is one of several articles were owned by famous people, which I have secured for my experiments."

Charwoman "Queen" Runs Amok!

He went on to explain that when such articles were all about, they could be previously assigned as themselves to act as a kind of support for his separate personality, revolving tops. In the case of the roll, however, it had been necessary for him to exercise a piece of wire and insert it into one of the most free fields of the roll.

"Good! In my, all this great double-Dutch to Mrs. Miron, who still clung to the vague idea that she was going to have her photograph taken."

The roll came to be the folded her hands in her ample lap, and looked at the Professor over the roll with her best sounds of surprise.

"All ready, sir," she murmured in an effort to leave her head still satisfied.

"Right!" said the Professor, pushing up his eyebrows in my take. He was trembling with excitement. At long last he was on the verge of proving whether or not his amazing theory would work out in practice.

He forced himself to press the button, and the tiny but strong shutter came up with a click.

★ "QUEEN ELIZABETH" BEFORE THE BREAK

Full perhaps two seconds nothing appeared to happen. Then, a strange, violet glow collected around the charged wire extended in one of the folds of the roll.

"It is extraordinary the personality-collecting rays," gasped the Professor. Even as he talked, the violet glow spread over the whole substance of the roll. And then, in some weird fashion, it seemed to draw itself into Mrs. Miron's ample body.

Instantly a startling change came over that good lady's attitude. The violet swiftly made dropped like magic from her bosom, and then it was succeeded by a proud and imperious look. At the same time her homely features seemed to sharpen into the haughty appearance of one born to command, and she sat back upright as her chair as if it were a throne.

"How rich!" she demanded, looking around disdainfully at the humble surroundings of Professor Dingle's room. "How come we to this strange and sorry place!"

"It's quite all right, your Majesty, quite all right," soothed the Professor, quivering with excitement at the undoubted success of his first experiment. "Undoubtedly," he added to himself, "it is the personality of the great Elizabeth herself speaking through the living body of Mrs. Miron!"

"All right, inasmuch," he supposed the strangely-changed charwoman. "What unworldly ways are there to go to our guests! And who art thou?"

"A humble man of learning, your Majesty," murmured the Professor.

"And why wastest thou such strange garments?"

She was looking very severely at the Professor's trousers.

"Where are the well-fitting trunks and how essential for our Court?"

"They went out of date several centuries ago, your Majesty. You see, times have changed!"

Professor Dingle's vain effort at explanation was broken off by "Elizabeth" swooping to her feet, her eyes fixed with suspicion.

"Alas, I have it!" she cried. "Thou art a wizard who hast brought us here by black magic. But we have the Tower and slide for such as thou!"

She snatched up the broom which hung against her chair and waved it round her head like a scepter.

"Ha, vultures and gentlemen of the Court, come in and see me!" she shouted at the top of her voice.

This convinced the Professor that it was high time to switch off. He actually lifted the ray tube from the table to do so. Unfortunately, at the same moment, "Elizabeth" was so intent on getting an answer to her

question. She swept round towards the door in a towering rage, and the head of her broom "scepter" knocked the ray tube from the Professor's hand.

"Just a minute, your Majesty," he gasped, "just a minute!" as he made a frantic grab at it, rolling beyond his reach over the edge of the table. But Her Majesty wasn't intending to say anything like that.

Still shouting lustily for her Court attendance, and threatening them with all kinds of punishments for their delay, she stamped out of the room, along the corridor, and down the stairway leading to the street door.

Meanwhile, Professor Dingle was down on his hands and knees frantically searching for the ray tube. In some uncomfortable fashion it had entirely disappeared. He crawled and poked over every inch of the floor without seeing it anywhere.

"This is terrible," he muttered. "Unless I can find it and switch it off she will land herself into trouble! And he proved himself a true prophet. In spite of his best efforts, nearly twenty minutes went by before he recovered the tube.

As a matter of fact, it had fallen into Mrs. Miron's lap of virtue. The Professor only found it when he accidentally kicked the basket over and slipped the water all over his trousers.

However, he was only too thankful to grab it and frantically switch off.

"Now, I wonder what's happened to Mrs. Miron!" he gasped. He didn't have long to wait for an answer. He was hurriedly slugging his trousers to go out and search for her, when the telephone bell rang. He was informed by the Keenpoint of the action police-station that Mrs. Miron had been arrested for being drunk and disorderly in the street.

"But it's all a mistake," gasped the horrified Professor.

"I don't think there's much doubt about it, sir," chuckled the Sergeant. "She was remarking that she was Queen Elizabeth, and only seemed to come to herself when we were driving her to the station in a police van—"

"Just where I switched off the rays," murmured the Professor.

"What's that, sir?" asked the Sergeant sharply.

"Nothing, nothing at all, Sergeant," the real subject hurriedly murmured him. "What happened next?"

"She gave us your name and address, sir, and asked us to get into touch with you."

"Very good, Sergeant. I'll come along and tell her our whereabouts."

But the policeman advised him against this.

"Better leave her here for the night now, sir," was his advice. "The doctor here has given her something, and she's sleeping it off quite peacefully. Far better to come along in the morning, pay her fine and get her out straight away."

Professor Dingle accepted this remark, and next morning duly presented himself at the magistrate's court. There he found Mrs. Miron in the dock tearfully protesting that she "didn't so much as look at a drop!" But the evidence was apparently dead against her. An elderly constable with a drooping mustache summed it up thus—

"I was on point duty, sir, when I saw the prisoner coming along accompanied by a crowd which was 'bawling' and 'jeering' at her. She was wearing a heavy thing round her neck, and making swipes at the crowd with a broom."

"She was shouting out strange words, 'Avenge, how terrible' or something like that, and 'myr' she'd 'ave them all clipped in the



Professor Dingle thrust a hand into his coat in Napoleonic attitude. "Woman," he thundered in French, "I will to Paris to rescue the Old Guard and set out on a fresh conquest of the world!"

"Charles Peace" Delivers His Verdict!

steeled her ears dropped. And then she got up to see. She wanted to know if I was the witch, and, if so, where was my proper uniform? And where was my job to prevent crime to her?"

"And then she wanted me to call her state coach, and spend my day for her to cross the muddy street on the same as 'to leave Belgium and France!'"

"That will do! Charge proved," snapped the stern-faced magistrate. "Have you anything to say, my good woman?"

"Only I can't remember a thing about it, your worship," hastily protested Mrs. Peace. "The last thing I remember is a sign in Professor Dingle's room ready to say my photograph took."

"Ten shillings, or seven days," replied the magistrate.

So that was that. Professor Dingle paid the fair thoughtfully enough, and presented Mrs. Peace with an extra penny in addition.

"On the whole," he told himself, "the first experience was quite a success, and proves my theory up to the hilt."

And that led to his second and much more cautious experiment of proving it to Mr. Justice Blevins in open court.

★ JUDGE CHARLIE PEACE

THE way the Professor set about his second experiment in the court of personalities was beautifully simple.

Among the sofas of bygone eras, he had selected a small, well-labeled bed case owned by the notorious criminal, Charlie Peace. That name right in "assigned" the fact to make it a collecting point for his personality-reviving rays.

"How he with stood to the scientific risk, with the right proof and accurate Judge will give us an excellent evening," the Judge was an extreme pipe-smoker, and the little Professor was lucky enough to encounter him in the smoke room.

"Ah," was his rather noncommittal greeting, "still during that tedious law to your heart about the revival of latent personality, eh?"

"I see," said the little Professor affably. "And very soon now I may be coming to you and Mr. Justice that it isn't so tedious after all."

"He, ha!" laughed the Judge. "Why there isn't the slightest chance of your ever doing that!"

Professor Dingle only smiled, and proceeded to borrow that Judge's capacious tobacco pouch to fill his own pipe. And when the pouch was passed back, Charlie Peace's little tail rippled snugly under the tobacco.

Next day the Professor entered the public gallery at the High Court presided over by Mr. Justice Blevins. He had his ray tube, with the thick shatter safety shield, in his pocket.

He was just in time to hear the jury returning a verdict of "Guilty," against a woman set to hang. And then a detective rolled off a long list of previous convictions.

"There is only one thing in the prisoner's favor, my lord," he concluded. "Although he was carrying a loaded revolver at the time of his arrest, the accused made no attempt to use it."

Judge frowned sternly at the law-bowled, silver-tipped man in the dock.

"Have you anything to say before I pass an exemplary sentence on you?" he demanded.

"Bury her too 'and on me, your honor," whined the lawyer. "I never had a chance!"

It was then that Professor Dingle released the shatter of his ray tube, for a moment nothing seemed to happen, and he wondered, by way of chance, the Judge hadn't brought his tobacco-pouch into court. And then there came a momentary violet glow in the neighborhood of the pocket pouch, which penetrated even the flowing robes. It flashed all over the Judge's body just disappeared so

swiftly that only Professor Dingle's shining eyes noticed it.

But it made a remarkable change in Judge Blevins' appearance. His stare, stern features bright with sympathy at the jaw and forehead. And then he sat, professor under his wig, the living image of Charlie Peace!

His broad nose at the engaging feature in the dock.

"Never had a chance, hey?" he grunted in a harsh, snoring voice that made everybody in court sit up and take notice. "So you're the kind of witness, speaking case that's right to tell in my footsteps."

The prisoner, seated, looked at everybody else absolutely gaped at him. But such was then training that a word could do so wrong, they made no effort to interfere.

"False in your features, my lord!" grunted the lawyer.

"That's not I said, call!" leered the strangely-changed Judge Blevins. "An' a fine and you seem to be taken of it. 'Ad a little shadow in your pocket and that's 'ave a try at say' it on the paper that took you. 'He, ha, ha!' that's a good one that 'ad 'ad 'ave a never had a chance!"

The prisoner and Professor Dingle were the only ones who weren't struck dumb and frozen in those places in horrified astonishment. A amazing gleam of hope came into the lawyer's vicious face.

MYSTERES of SPACE

Revealed in a Special Article

in SCOOPS next week

"If there's your view, my lord," he wheedled confidently, "maybe your're gonna let me off? I promise you I won't gain the chance to see no shadow again!"

But Charlie Peace was having none of that. "You all year before, 'ad you named it," he suggested. "I'm given' you a diff' stretch, not far but you know that for you didn't do. 'You gonna' penal for bear a disrepute to me old profession?"

It was then that the court officials began to come in startled. At the same time Judge Blevins decided it was time to conclude his second experiment. He closed the shutter of his ray tube, and stole unobtrusively out of court.

That same night he glared over a full account of Judge Blevins' strange conduct in the evening papers. The Judge had resumed his own personality as a very weak state with no recollection of what he had said and done while under the influence of Charlie Peace. His lawyers concluded that it was all due to a nervous breakdown tracing to overwork.

On their advice he was going away to the South of France for a long holiday.

Professor Dingle carefully cut out the lengthy newspaper reports.

"Well, well," he chuckled, "even yet, the dots don't connect a shadow. But I must keep this on hand to show when I'm ready to get to him and everybody else who thought it was only a legend."

"But, not yet!" he considered, glancing at his hand. "I must carry out one more something experiment on the London Lord, the Premier, to prove that I am called Master of the Mind!"

Professor Dingle got his materials for his next installation experiment from a request he overlooked in the smoking-room at his club.

Some of the members were discussing the political situation.

"I see the Prime Minister is addressing the House to-morrow on unemployment,"

launched a retired Cabinet. "But it won't do any good. It would need something with the brain and personality of a Napoleon to solve it."

Needless to say, that was the Professor's opinion.

If the personality of Napoleon is all the Prime Minister needs," he chuckled to himself, "he shall certainly have it!"

The next straight is a famous jewelry shop in Regent Street which specializes in historical relics of the great. Here he purchased, at a very stiff price, a small gold snuffbox which he was confidently assured, after a few hours' search by the famous French Emperor.

He took it back to his laboratory and "enriched" it sufficiently for the reception of the personality rays. His next problem was to get the snuffbox into the hands of the Prime Minister and to ensure that he would take it into Parliament with him.

But Professor Dingle had already thought of that, and he had a plan. He had known that Mr. Lancelotti, Lord of an ancient collection of such relics, had therefore and the last in Downing Street by special messenger. Inside was a carefully worked note signed "An Admirer." It stated that the snuffbox was a gift of appreciation to be added to the Prime Minister's collection. All that "An Admirer" asked in return was that the Prime Minister would become the gift by carrying it in his pocket for a few days.

The request was a shrewd bit of Mr. Lancelotti's clever and emotional character. He was only too delighted to carry out such a simple mission to secure such an expensive treasure.

And, next day, the snuffbox duly slipped in his pocket when he rose to address Parliament.

The speech was well made, my belief Professor Dingle managed to secure admission to the crowded Chamber's Gallery. He was fortunate, however, in securing a seat well to the front which gave him a good view of the Speaker's Bench. The Prime Minister was holding the attention of the House in his usual easy style.

"And now," he boomed in his vibrant, spell-binding voice, "I come to the question of the serious unemployment in the Fishing Industry."

He made an impressive pause while he consulted his notes.

His gaze Professor Dingle sat expectantly to reflect that "Conspicuous" in the Fishing Industry was quite as describing a subject as any other for the benefit of Napoleon's personality. He looked upon the shatter of his ray tube.

"Yes," murmured the Prime Minister in his low tone, "in my opinion there is only one solution to remedy the present regrettable state of affairs, and that is to..." It was at that moment that Professor Dingle's excited eyes caught the flash of the ray handle violet glow coming from the Prime Minister's pocket. But this time he was too late to see it as big a shock as any body else.

The Prime Minister's personality changed all right, but it certainly won't take that of Napoleon. Instead his appearance began to shrink like a sheet half his usual height and became slightly bow-legged. His stern, rugged expression was succeeded by a weak, round, business twinkle.

"Oh, no!" he murmured, jerking up from his seat with a wide, infectious grin to receive the shocked benches all round him. "What's this supposed to be, boys? Shocking, isn't it? Well, you don't look any too happy about it. I must do something to them too, you see."

He took another look at his notes and scratched his head in a very casual fashion.

"But what, all that?" he continued in a high falsetto voice. "Chased away from the Fishing Industry—only solution is increased Consumption—pretty rotten line."

(This story is continued on page 51)

THE STRIDING TERROR

A Fifty-Foot Man Loose in London

★ THE TERROR MAKES FOR LONDON

A GREAT scare was sweeping over the British Isles. In the south something like panic was gripping the people.

Newspapers were racing through the streets carrying placards bearing the words "The Striding Terror" in huge black letters, and the papers were selling like hot cakes.

It seemed that during the afternoon a strange sight had been seen in France. The newspapers reported that it was a man at least fifty feet in height—none from the size of any ordinary man.

A troop of French cavalry had tried to run him down, but the huge figure had managed to get away. He had grasped a heavy chain along between two powerful acropylons and these acropylons had soared into the blue with him.

And the French authorities had been informed that the "planes caused British domination marks."

"This giant man is evidently coming to England," declared the newspapers. "Nobody knows who he is or from whence he has come. All people living on the South Coast are advised to remain within doors until the coming of daylight."

Later the next evening the newspapers came out with a further item of news.

"THE STRIDING TERROR" BELIEVED DROWNED IN CHANNEL.

According to the newspapers around the two "planes carrying the large figure had been seen to disappear into the English Channel.

Wreckage of one of the "planes had been picked up by a passing vessel. The huge chain on which the giant figure had been hanging was still attached to the "plane."

People began to grow a little doubtful then.

"Just a giant to scare us," they said. "If there was anything of real, there have been some years' worth of spiritual medium."

But the Striding Terror was an actual fact—and he had not been drowned in the Channel.

The manner of his coming to England was strange in the extreme. Two young naval officers, Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper, had landed in a small, deserted, unknown island off the West Coast of Africa.

Here they had discovered an enormous building. Then they had the terrible experience of encountering a man fifty feet in height.

This human King Kong had captured them, and to their utter amazement they had discovered that he was an Englishman and spoke cultured English.

He had told them his history, explaining that his father had been the famous scientist, John Dexter. When he had been born he had been a small, sickly child and had shown every sign of growing up to be a weakling.

John Dexter, anxious that his son should grow up a weakling to him, had called attention to him and, he had, experimented on the University of the boy.

Nothing happened until young Dexter was



ten years of age; then the experiment began to take effect. The boy grew up an alarming size. Finding himself unable to stop the rapid growth, and realizing that his son was fast becoming a Frank, John Dexter had taken him to a small island on the coast of Africa.

Here the boy had continued to grow, and now he was a man fifty feet in height. His father had declared him said his death a short time before.

Then the Striding Terror had sprung his trap. He had waited on the two "planes" being born in England. He had told them that he was homeless—that he wanted to see his home country.

They had been forced to obey, and the Striding Terror had travelled from the island on the heavy chain along between the two acropylons.

They had come down in France because of petted cherishes, and that was when the Striding Terror had been seen by the French people.

The giant was had obtained fresh supplies of petrol, but that had also proved out when the "planes were flying high over the Channel.

They had reached into the sea, and the Striding Terror, finding the airman as his shoulders, had given advice. He had climbed the cliffs on the English Coast on pilot airplanes, and on the top of the cliffs the Striding Terror and the two aviators had spent the night.

By that time both Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper had lost their fear of the huge giant, and they had given him their word of honor that they would not try to escape during the night.

Now with the Striding Terror. Pushing

Another Long Complete Story

himself into a sitting position, he stared all round. They seemed to have landed on a very desolate tract of coast; not a house or hut was to be seen anywhere.

The Striding Terror's abrupt movement had awakened the two aviators, and he looked down at them.

"So this is England," he called. "I've actually got back at last."

They smiled.

"What do we do now?" queried Frank Cooper. His voice sounded a dreadfully tiny treble compared with the deep tones of the Striding Terror.

"We wait out first of all," replied the giant man.

"How?" demanded Jack Harvey.

The Striding Terror smiled. From out of his den, beneath his back, a small box, he looked like a machine box except of course, that it was five times normal size.

Out of the box the giant took a large tablet.

"This tablet," he said, "contains enough instructions to keep me going for twenty-four hours. I suggest that you each break off a tiny piece. You will find it quite palatable, and you will lose your hunger immediately."

The aviators took two very small pieces from his huge palm, and, as the Striding Terror had said, they found the concentrated food quite good. Almost immediately they had the sensation of having eaten well.

The Striding Terror stood up and stretched himself. He was asked except for the handkerchiefs, and he stood there on the cliff top he looked a nightmare figure indeed.

Suddenly stooping down, he carefully placed Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper and lifted them on his shoulders.

"And now," he called, "if you will point out the very best place for London." He continued to stride upward. Each pace he took covered fully four yards and he looked like a giant, a man of enormous proportions in the soft green of the fields he crossed.

What sort of welcome would London give the Striding Terror?

★ THE TERROR CAPTURES THE TIGERS

THE Striding Terror had landed on the South Coast about seventy miles from London. To an aviator man the distance would have been something of an undertaking as a fifty-foot man in the Striding Terror, with a step over three times that of an ordinary individual, the seventy miles appeared no longer than thirty.

"I'm counting on you to direct me," he told his two passengers. "If I keep up in this direction I ought to come somewhere near London."

It was a strange experience for the two aviators. They were being carried along at quite a speed, and the striding of the Striding Terror's shoulders gave them both a feeling almost of sea sickness.

They came to a narrow roadway, but the Striding Terror made no attempt to walk along it. It was far enough for him to go straight forward over the fields.

Once a fairly wide stream crossed his way. He easily stepped over it.

In front of him now was a long belt of

rising ground. The Terror began to mount the slope.

Reaching the top he stood for a moment peering all round. Beyond him was the rolling country of the Downs. He could see far a tremendous distance in the clear evening light, and far to the northeast he could see a long, low line and decided it was London. He headed in that direction.

The sloping ground below was well wooded, so the Striding Terror was forced to peck his way carefully.

In the valley below, hidden from his gaze by the trees, was a main road, and along the road a postman was slowly making his way. It was headed by a traction engine to which a large number of vans were attached. **EAST VIEW. THE AGENTS-SARVAT'S SHAMMOTH CHIEFS.**

From the closed vans behind the traction engine came an occasional growl. It was evident that in these vans wild animals were packed.

The driver of the traction engine, who had been driving since shortly after midnight, was taking his ease. He was propped up comfortably in his seat, just holding his steering wheel lightly with one hand. His feet, on the other side of the engine, were almost asleep.

From the woods to the right of him and directly across a great crashing sound.

The driver blinked.

"Sounds like a tree coming down," he thought. "Somebody's started work early this morning."

Then an enormous shadow fell across the roadway in front of him.

Next moment, over the tops of the trees, came an enormous foot. It settled down not twenty yards in front of the slowly-moving traction engine, and then another huge foot quickly followed it. The Striding Terror was standing in the roadway, almost completely blocking it.

A tremor caught the tip of the driver of the traction engine. His eyes he closed and

then, with a wild yell, jumped into the roadway. He was diving through the hedge.

His hands started to feel consciousness, groped as he saw the tremendous figure in front of him. Then, like the driver, he also shrank. Without making any attempt to stop the traction engine, he went on crawling into the roadway to follow his companion through the hedge.

It all happened in a flash. The driver, in opening his head before jumping clear, had turned the traction engine towards the left-hand side of the road when there was a low embankment. Before it the ground shifted steeply away for nearly fifty yards or so.

Straight towards the embankment drove the engine. Its front wheels gripped and commenced to climb. Even before the Striding Terror had realized what was happening the traction engine had gone over the embankment, pulling the line of closed vans after it.

Altogether, four of them mounted the embankment. In some instances they, the traction engine had managed to get its wheels as it tumbled down the steep bank, but the vans were not so fortunate.

No sooner were they over the embankment than they started tumbling. One or two of them came down right over.

Immediately there came a crashing of woodwork and a rattling of steel girders.

The engine crashed into a tree at the bottom and came to a stop. Behind it the rattling came to a stop.

But now the air was full of deep, reverberating roars—terrible roars of anger and terror.

Then from the smashed cages below, monstrous forms were leaping. They were animals who no sooner felt the grass under their feet than they were striding off in every direction. In a moment it seemed that at least a dozen fully-grown lions and tigers were at large.

Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper, perched on the Terror's shoulders, stared at the scene in horror.

RADIO PEN *writes in* **LETTERS OF FIRE**



ONE of the latest wonders of science is the Cathod-ray Pen—a radio pen that writes in letters of fire on a distant screen.

The operator writes a message with a pencil-shaped stylus fitted to a small hand lens, and every in the distance a word group appears as, on a small screen the letters or figures he has written. Two words can be formed before the first word begins to fade.

The instrument is known as the "Cathodograph," and was recently used to open a radio exhibition in New York. It is the invention of Allen B. DuRoi, an American scientist.

Enables its possibilities. Messages reach long distances can now be "seen" instead of "heard." Fitted on ships, expert radio operators will be unnecessary. A distress signal could be written and sent out by the calm boy!

The radio pen could be used in places to regulate transmitters, especially in universities. The police could use it to send out short messages to their speeding squad cars. The radio pen might do away with many tape-machine in offices, deliver instructions to artists in broadcasting and cinema studios where silence is essential.

And how does it work?

Simply by means of a special type of cathode-ray tube with a phosphorescent screen or target.

The operator writes—and on a distant screen appears a fiery trail of letters.

A beam of electrons speeds between two sets of metal plates in the base of the tube, and by varying the voltage on the plates the beam can be moved and bent in any direction.

The stylus pencil of the transmitter is connected to a sliding pivot which can move in any direction to form the most complicated

This simple cathode-ray pen shows how Allen B. DuRoi's Cathodograph transmits and receives words.



letters or figures, and this pivot is turn controls two coil resistances connected to the two sets of deflecting plates. The pivot, therefore, varies the voltage on the plates as it moves backwards and forwards, upwards and downwards.

This changing voltage is duplicated on the receiver, and the speeding beam of electrons, moved and bent by the deflecting plates, strikes to the phosphorescent screen in a green track, so that it means about it leaves a fiery trail of letters.

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Jack Harvey. "We've got to do something. If those animals are about to go from the pit I'll rescue the whole of the countryside. Goodness only knows what damage they'll do."

Behind the line of mid-air smashes had been the rest of the steam train. They had all pulled up sharply, but on signs of life came from any of them. It was clear that the occupants had seen the Striding Terror and that they were keeping out of sight.

From his great height the Striding Terror looked down upon the running animals.

"Don't worry," he boomed. "I'll attend to them."

He lifted the two animals from his shoulders and placed them in the branches of a tall tree by the roadside. Then, with great leaping strides, he went down to the scene of the disaster.

Only one of the cages was smashed beyond repair, and the Striding Terror's first move was to right the others. Taking hold of the twisted bars he bent them back into shape. Then he began reading them.

A number of the animals had gone into a nearby field, entering it by jumping a broken-down gate. This particular field, however, was surrounded by a very high hedge, and it seemed that for the moment the animals were imprisoned. But already had reversed amongst the trees, and it was there the Striding Terror went after first.

His tremendous height gave him a great range of vision, and soon he picked out the large animals. To him, of course, they appeared no larger than mere kittens.

Except the ones he went straight. So suddenly he stopped, and a tremendous roaring filled the air.

The two animals in the tree saw the Striding Terror hit his arm. His huge hand was gripping a powerful limb by the neck. He was holding the shivering, mewing animal as easily as though it had been a kitten.

Carrying the lion, he went striding forward. Once again he stopped, and this time a tremendous snarling shrouded over the camp-side.

As the Terror straightened himself the two animals saw that his other hand was holding a huge tiger by the scruff of the neck.

Back to the cages went the Striding Terror. He pushed both tigers and lion inside, closed the door, and then went in search of the other two-eyed animals.

For half an hour he worked, sometimes leaping into a tree. Then the watchers gazed in amazement. In his haste to catch the animals, the Striding Terror was unable to watch where he placed his huge feet. Several times he had right in the centre of a hedge-row and left a tremendous gap behind him. Once his foot came down heavily on the branches of a tree, and the tree seemed to crackle up beneath his weight.

He returned successfully from each foray carrying a cowering, mewing animal in each hand. He pushed them back into the cages that he had prepared.

Only the animals in the big field were left now.

Up in the tree Frank Cooper and Jack Harvey looked on with dismay.

"Frank," said Jack, "I don't know what you think, but I've had enough of this fellow's company. He seems determined to stick to us, and I've hanged if I want to spend the rest of my time being carried round on a giant's shoulder. Besides, people will be wondering what on earth has happened to us. We've got to get back in headquarters as quickly as possible and let them know what's happened to the machines. I think this is our chance to make a bid for it."

"But we can't," protested Frank Cooper. "He'll be able to run us down in a couple of minutes."

Jack shook his head.

"I don't suggest running for it," he insisted. "If we stay until the words we ought to be able to make in the air disappear. He won't be able to find us, and when he's

The Human King Kong Is Captured

Combating THE STRIDING TERROR

Meanwhile the Striding Terror had gone straight on. With no hint of leaving the scene he moved the main British road, and here he left alone behind him.

He was seen by the drivers of all kinds of vehicles. Most of them received such a shock that for the moment they completely lost control of their vehicles. The result was that there were several bad accidents and dozens upon dozens of vehicles at every junction were now lying in the narrow ditches at the roadside.

Unaware of the chaos he was creating the Striding Terror strode onwards, going out of his way to avoid several small towns which he saw smoking among the low-lying hills.

Soon, of course, telephone wires were becoming taut. The news that the Striding Terror was alive and coming to London was being flashed to the city.

The news reached Fleet Street and immediately printing presses were thundering and the stars. Rumors of the Striding Terror had shot out into the open. However, so did London and the Striding Terror for the first time.

The Striding Terror walked just as the B.M.C. was broadcasting the news of his coming. At the hour of the morning people were flocking to their work at all over London.

It was somebody on the Whitehall who first saw the great figure advancing south of the Thames. His single cry seemed to be picked up and repeated.

Never in all the history had London known such a panic. Real, indescribable horror seemed to grip everybody. The panic of the nations were fully suggested at the thought of the huge figure over fifty feet in height.

The Striding Terror, as he had advanced towards London, had known that his arrival would cause a sensation. He was surprised for what actually did happen.

Following the line of the British road, he passed through Croydon, but he found only empty streets. Now he was forced to pick his way with tremendous care, for the streets seemed to be littered with stationary vehicles. They were pulled up at all kinds

of absurd angles and nobody sat behind their steering wheels.

He passed masses of stationary taxicabs, buses, lorries, private cars, in one or two instances, stationary bus-driven cars.

It seemed that the drivers of the vehicles had no more spirit than the Striding Terror than they had rushed into London.

On and on went the Terror. From behind the half-closed doors and from windows white-faced, anxious eyes. People watched him go by. It seemed from some wide point to another the Striding Terror actually strode over a row of low-built houses.

And as he came to the Thames south of Westminster Bridge.

It was here that the first adventure happened. The Terror was advancing towards the bridge when a mackinaw on foot of him was suddenly flung. A man came charged out, with his back towards the Terror. He had evidently been working underground and thus had no knowledge of London's latest visitor.

His first intention of danger came when he was suddenly jerked up by a huge figure and then. He was turned round and the terrified man found himself going up into the massive face of the Striding Terror. The night proved too much for him. A short gas escaped him and then his head lolled backwards. He had fainted.

The Striding Terror shook his head in contempt and placed him carefully down on to the pavement.

But people who had seen the occurrence were better placed. It seemed to them that the Striding Terror had definitely trampled the unfortunate man to death.

Then from a narrow alleyway a man came running. It almost looked as though he were running out into the street to discover why everything had suddenly become so afraid.

He saw the Striding Terror towering above him and seemed to be rooted to the spot. Before he could get away the Terror stopped and picked him up. Once again the Terror's was proved too much and the man fainted. He was also laid down on the pavement.

For a long time the Terror stood by the bridge going towards the House of Parliament. He paused that his coming had increased the chaos of the city, and it

worried him. He wanted to surmise everybody that he was a powerful visitor to the country—that he was a highly civilized individual, and that he meant nobody any harm.

How could he make the people of London understand?

Suddenly he looked at Big Ben. He saw that his enormous hands were almost pointing to the hour of noon.

He took from his pocket one of his enormous handkerchiefs and a small stick of something which appeared to be charcoal.

Then he added his head as though he had solved his problem. He had the handkerchief chafed down the roadway and appeared to write something on it.

He got up again and, instead of attempting to cross the bridge, he walked into the Thames, carrying the handkerchief in one hand. A few strides and he had walked across the river and had stepped on to the corner in front of the House of Parliament.

Across eyes still watched the Terror. They saw him step onto the rafting which surrounded the House of Parliament.

What were his intentions? Did he mean to start speaking London by pulling down the House of Parliament?

Then the Striding Terror did a truly amazing thing. He commenced to climb the tower of Big Ben!

People watched and marvelled. Up and up he went until the enormous figure was almost visible inside the most famous tower in the world.

They saw him open out the great white cloth, and then he was listening it over the clock face.

Curiously compelled many people to come out of cover for a better view. As the clock covered the face of Big Ben, this is what they saw—

I am an Englishman. Apart from my race, I am quite normal. I don't wish to harm anybody. I want this nation to know that everyone will be well understood.

JOHN DEXTER.

Having left his notice in the most prominent place he could think of, the Striding Terror made to descend the tower. On the right-hand side of him was a mass of scaffolding poles, and he lowered his huge feet on to a platform of lapped planks.

For a second his whole weight was played upon the planks. Once the sound of crashing wood, and the whole structure collapsed.

Feeling himself falling, the Striding Terror stretched at the same coping. His falling weight was so tremendous, however, that the steps came away in his grasp. He fell sideways, and crashed to earth with a terrific thud. His head struck the paving stones.

The Striding Terror rolled over once and then remained still.

At that moment a motor-car came speeding over Westminster Bridge. It contained Sam Black, of Sawyer's Chain, and Jack Harvey and Frank Cooper. Seeing the great figure of the Striding Terror, Sam Black stopped at his house. He leapt out of the car and rushed towards the Terror.

He's stopped," he cried. "This is one chance to see that he does no further damage. Bring rope, somebody. Bring ropes."

Sam Black took charge.

"He's harmless," he cried, "but we can't have him walking about the city. We've got to trap him up so that he can't do any harm, and then we can talk to him. Bring ropes!"

An hour later the Striding Terror was still unconscious. But now he seemed to be a mass of ropes. Every piece of rope that could be found had been wound round him. There, in the roadway, he lay.

Would he recover from the effects of his fall?

If so, what would London do with its strange captive?

Captured by the Groom. Next week the Striding Terror becomes a public exhibition, but you can't keep a fifty-foot man down, and the fifteen big boys have been making adventures with the Human King Kong. And now he holds up a building down at our news's starting story.

In SCOOPS NEXT WEEK

No. 3 of SCOOPS—now out Thursday—will be another all-star story packed with more reading matter than any other weekly paper—and without the thrills of the reader world of to-day and to-morrow. Here is what week's big hit!

★ Monster of the Marsh

In an amazing wonder land story three daring adventurers go into a palace where in search of a lost key. In the heart of the swampy terrible dangers, monster monsters, and big-scaled thrills with the explorer.

★ Master of the Moon

Starting adventures in our grand inter-planetary series. Captain Nick Chance explores the Moon, opens up the history of the Moon, and the moon's depths of the mind.

★ Space

The second episode in Professor A. M. Lee's great new series of adventures in Space. This time young hero goes sailing up into the mysterious void above the Earth and encounters wonders that will stagger you.

★ Voice from the Void

More thrills and startling mysteries in this vivid story at Secret Service and We start adventures.

On Sale Next Thursday
2d. . . EVERYWHERE

★WAR BIRDS

Death lurking in the skies! War over Europe! Terrible, treacherous aerial warfare of the future, with a strange new science of planes without pilot. Big thrills in the powerful story—

No-man's PLANE

It's a SCOOPS story

Continuing SHEER PERSONALITY

most of it. But we must just make the best of 'em. "Or does this pressure get off the bus, and you, or 'with not even a Johnson to keep us company?"

His shrill, rather comical attitude and immediately started to sing in a loud, raucous voice.

"Kissers for your breakfast,

Addicks for your tea,

Fish an' chips for supper—

As tasty as can be!

That's the way to do it, boys,

To get things as we wish,

We've gotta pull together,

Ad' out more fish!"

He added the answering touch by breaking into an expert double-shuffle along the floor of the lounge.

"Come now, boys," he cried to the astonished M.P.s. "Now's your chance to wake up and let it go in the chorus! PH make it simple an' right to the point for your special benefit. PH sing it first, an' then you can all let yourselves go the second time!"

And, as a leader and rouser rouses rouser then even, he raised the chorus.

"Eat more fish!

Eat more fish!

With a yo-ho-ho-ho! legitimate, boys,

Eat more fish!"

He was waving his cross like a hand conductor and jollyly inviting his gazing audience to make no mistake about putting in the second time when the equally extended Professor Dingle swapped back the shelter of his tube.

The step dancing, Pious Minister instantly collapsed in a heap, to be surrounded immediately by anxious M.P.s and editorial affidavits. Professor Dingle promptly took the opportunity of the confusion to sneak out of the Stenograph Gallery.

He was grimacing again. Could it be that his theory and method weren't infallible after all? Something had certainly gone wrong somewhere.

He took a brief straight back to his laboratory, and here a selection of the assembly awaited him. He found a small package and note of subject apology from the jewellers in Regent Street.

"We very much regret," it said, "that the necklace you took away yesterday was not the genuine article. It was an exact replica made to the order of the famous connoisseur, Joe Napierkin, and subsequently returned to us after his death. We have much pleasure in enclosing the genuine one, and trust you have offered us your assurance."

The Professor stared at the note in something like dumb horror. "Joe Napierkin," he trembled. "The Red-tailed Bird," of the same Hall, thirty years ago? No wonder he wasn't anything like Napierkin!

He went into his laboratory in a kind of daze, wondering what he could do next, and whether he could devise any method of avoiding similar mistakes in future.

Miss Napierkin had accepted the genuine necklace for the reception of the eyes and slipped it into his pocket.

And it was here that Miss Napierkin came right back into the picture, and quite unaccountably got her own hair as the incident. When the Professor came back from the House of Parliament he had taken the bag you take out of his pocket to examine it.

He had laid it on the table while he read the jewellers' note. And now, Miss Napierkin, thinking around with a doctor, picked it up.

"Then you, the thing the Professor was going to take my photograph with," she murmured curiously. And then her face lit up, and she turned the bag over and picked up the stationer.

She was still peering at the tube when she was summoned to her husband, commanding voice behind her. She peered round with a guilty maid, and the tiny tube dropped from her hands and rolled away under the cushion close to the door—but the tail didn't show the shelter!

Miss Napierkin gazed at the strange figure framed in the laboratory doorway. It was the Professor, and yet it wasn't. The hand you thrust into his coat in the end Napierkin's attitude. "Hemmm," he gasped at Pious. "Tell my coach immediately. I will be Pious to guess the Old Guard and set out on a fresh conquest of the world!"

Miss Napierkin had not the foggiest idea of what he was talking about. But she realised that something pretty funny had happened. "Gee, it's got 'em now!" she gasped, with a vague recollection of her own experience as Queen Elizabeth. She was a wild dart for the door and looked as behind her.

She had the good sense to return with a flicker; but neither he nor the colleagues he asked to assist do anything with the strongly twirling Professor in the grip of Napierkin's personality.

And the man in his case was that there was no one with the necessary knowledge to find his way out and close the shelter. And his own personality was so completely submerged that he had no recollection of his military evolutions.

He was finally convinced that he was, and always had been, Napierkin.

There was nothing else for it but to ensure him in a heady rhythm. And there he is likely to remain until someone finds the key notes under the dusty mattress of his room and accidentally drops the shelter!

AMAZING VALUE IN DYNAMO ELECTRIC CYCLE LAMPS VOLMAC



SUPERIOR BATTERY LAMP.
Produces an even light for thousands of miles. No battery in this lamp, or expensive replacement. No wiring or complicated. 12 POWER PLUGS. No. 10111 for 10. 10112 for 15. 10113 for 20. 10114 for 25. 10115 for 30. 10116 for 40. 10117 for 50. 10118 for 60. 10119 for 75. 10120 for 100. 10121 for 125. 10122 for 150. 10123 for 200. 10124 for 250. 10125 for 300. 10126 for 400. 10127 for 500. 10128 for 600. 10129 for 750. 10130 for 1000. 10131 for 1250. 10132 for 1500. 10133 for 2000. 10134 for 2500. 10135 for 3000. 10136 for 4000. 10137 for 5000. 10138 for 6000. 10139 for 7500. 10140 for 10000. 10141 for 12500. 10142 for 15000. 10143 for 20000. 10144 for 25000. 10145 for 30000. 10146 for 40000. 10147 for 50000. 10148 for 60000. 10149 for 75000. 10150 for 100000. 10151 for 125000. 10152 for 150000. 10153 for 200000. 10154 for 250000. 10155 for 300000. 10156 for 400000. 10157 for 500000. 10158 for 600000. 10159 for 750000. 10160 for 1000000. 10161 for 1250000. 10162 for 1500000. 10163 for 2000000. 10164 for 2500000. 10165 for 3000000. 10166 for 4000000. 10167 for 5000000. 10168 for 6000000. 10169 for 7500000. 10170 for 10000000. 10171 for 12500000. 10172 for 15000000. 10173 for 20000000. 10174 for 25000000. 10175 for 30000000. 10176 for 40000000. 10177 for 50000000. 10178 for 60000000. 10179 for 75000000. 10180 for 100000000. 10181 for 125000000. 10182 for 150000000. 10183 for 200000000. 10184 for 250000000. 10185 for 300000000. 10186 for 400000000. 10187 for 500000000. 10188 for 600000000. 10189 for 750000000. 10190 for 1000000000. 10191 for 1250000000. 10192 for 1500000000. 10193 for 2000000000. 10194 for 2500000000. 10195 for 3000000000. 10196 for 4000000000. 10197 for 5000000000. 10198 for 6000000000. 10199 for 7500000000. 10200 for 10000000000. 10201 for 12500000000. 10202 for 15000000000. 10203 for 20000000000. 10204 for 25000000000. 10205 for 30000000000. 10206 for 40000000000. 10207 for 50000000000. 10208 for 60000000000. 10209 for 75000000000. 10210 for 100000000000. 10211 for 125000000000. 10212 for 150000000000. 10213 for 200000000000. 10214 for 250000000000. 10215 for 300000000000. 10216 for 400000000000. 10217 for 500000000000. 10218 for 600000000000. 10219 for 750000000000. 10220 for 1000000000000. 10221 for 1250000000000. 10222 for 1500000000000. 10223 for 2000000000000. 10224 for 2500000000000. 10225 for 3000000000000. 10226 for 4000000000000. 10227 for 5000000000000. 10228 for 6000000000000. 10229 for 7500000000000. 10230 for 10000000000000. 10231 for 12500000000000. 10232 for 15000000000000. 10233 for 20000000000000. 10234 for 25000000000000. 10235 for 30000000000000. 10236 for 40000000000000. 10237 for 50000000000000. 10238 for 60000000000000. 10239 for 75000000000000. 10240 for 100000000000000. 10241 for 125000000000000. 10242 for 150000000000000. 10243 for 200000000000000. 10244 for 250000000000000. 10245 for 300000000000000. 10246 for 400000000000000. 10247 for 500000000000000. 10248 for 600000000000000. 10249 for 750000000000000. 10250 for 1000000000000000. 10251 for 1250000000000000. 10252 for 1500000000000000. 10253 for 2000000000000000. 10254 for 2500000000000000. 10255 for 3000000000000000. 10256 for 4000000000000000. 10257 for 5000000000000000. 10258 for 6000000000000000. 10259 for 7500000000000000. 10260 for 10000000000000000. 10261 for 12500000000000000. 10262 for 15000000000000000. 10263 for 20000000000000000. 10264 for 25000000000000000. 10265 for 30000000000000000. 10266 for 40000000000000000. 10267 for 50000000000000000. 10268 for 60000000000000000. 10269 for 75000000000000000. 10270 for 100000000000000000. 10271 for 125000000000000000. 10272 for 150000000000000000. 10273 for 200000000000000000. 10274 for 250000000000000000. 10275 for 300000000000000000. 10276 for 400000000000000000. 10277 for 500000000000000000. 10278 for 600000000000000000. 10279 for 750000000000000000. 10280 for 1000000000000000000. 10281 for 1250000000000000000. 10282 for 1500000000000000000. 10283 for 2000000000000000000. 10284 for 2500000000000000000. 10285 for 3000000000000000000. 10286 for 4000000000000000000. 10287 for 5000000000000000000. 10288 for 6000000000000000000. 10289 for 7500000000000000000. 10290 for 10000000000000000000. 10291 for 12500000000000000000. 10292 for 15000000000000000000. 10293 for 20000000000000000000. 10294 for 25000000000000000000. 10295 for 30000000000000000000. 10296 for 40000000000000000000. 10297 for 50000000000000000000. 10298 for 60000000000000000000. 10299 for 75000000000000000000. 10300 for 100000000000000000000. 10301 for 125000000000000000000. 10302 for 150000000000000000000. 10303 for 200000000000000000000. 10304 for 250000000000000000000. 10305 for 300000000000000000000. 10306 for 400000000000000000000. 10307 for 500000000000000000000. 10308 for 600000000000000000000. 10309 for 750000000000000000000. 10310 for 1000000000000000000000. 10311 for 1250000000000000000000. 10312 for 1500000000000000000000. 10313 for 2000000000000000000000. 10314 for 2500000000000000000000. 10315 for 3000000000000000000000. 10316 for 4000000000000000000000. 10317 for 5000000000000000000000. 10318 for 6000000000000000000000. 10319 for 7500000000000000000000. 10320 for 10000000000000000000000. 10321 for 12500000000000000000000. 10322 for 15000000000000000000000. 10323 for 20000000000000000000000. 10324 for 25000000000000000000000. 10325 for 30000000000000000000000. 10326 for 40000000000000000000000. 10327 for 50000000000000000000000. 10328 for 60000000000000000000000. 10329 for 75000000000000000000000. 10330 for 100000000000000000000000. 10331 for 125000000000000000000000. 10332 for 150000000000000000000000. 10333 for 200000000000000000000000. 10334 for 250000000000000000000000. 10335 for 300000000000000000000000. 10336 for 400000000000000000000000. 10337 for 500000000000000000000000. 10338 for 600000000000000000000000. 10339 for 750000000000000000000000. 10340 for 1000000000000000000000000. 10341 for 1250000000000000000000000. 10342 for 1500000000000000000000000. 10343 for 2000000000000000000000000. 10344 for 2500000000000000000000000. 10345 for 3000000000000000000000000. 10346 for 4000000000000000000000000. 10347 for 5000000000000000000000000. 10348 for 6000000000000000000000000. 10349 for 7500000000000000000000000. 10350 for 10000000000000000000000000. 10351 for 12500000000000000000000000. 10352 for 15000000000000000000000000. 10353 for 20000000000000000000000000. 10354 for 25000000000000000000000000. 10355 for 30000000000000000000000000. 10356 for 40000000000000000000000000. 10357 for 50000000000000000000000000. 10358 for 60000000000000000000000000. 10359 for 75000000000000000000000000. 10360 for 100000000000000000000000000. 10361 for 125000000000000000000000000. 10362 for 150000000000000000000000000. 10363 for 200000000000000000000000000. 10364 for 250000000000000000000000000. 10365 for 300000000000000000000000000. 10366 for 400000000000000000000000000. 10367 for 500000000000000000000000000. 10368 for 600000000000000000000000000. 10369 for 750000000000000000000000000. 10370 for 1000000000000000000000000000. 10371 for 1250000000000000000000000000. 10372 for 1500000000000000000000000000. 10373 for 2000000000000000000000000000. 10374 for 2500000000000000000000000000. 10375 for 3000000000000000000000000000. 10376 for 4000000000000000000000000000. 10377 for 5000000000000000000000000000. 10378 for 6000000000000000000000000000. 10379 for 7500000000000000000000000000. 10380 for 10000000000000000000000000000. 10381 for 12500000000000000000000000000. 10382 for 15000000000000000000000000000. 10383 for 20000000000000000000000000000. 10384 for 25000000000000000000000000000. 10385 for 30000000000000000000000000000. 10386 for 40000000000000000000000000000. 10387 for 50000000000000000000000000000. 10388 for 60000000000000000000000000000. 10389 for 75000000000000000000000000000. 10390 for 100000000000000000000000000000. 10391 for 125000000000000000000000000000. 10392 for 150000000000000000000000000000. 10393 for 200000000000000000000000000000. 10394 for 250000000000000000000000000000. 10395 for 300000000000000000000000000000. 10396 for 400000000000000000000000000000. 10397 for 500000000000000000000000000000. 10398 for 600000000000000000000000000000. 10399 for 750000000000000000000000000000. 10400 for 1000000000000000000000000000000. 10401 for 1250000000000000000000000000000. 10402 for 1500000000000000000000000000000. 10403 for 2000000000000000000000000000000. 10404 for 2500000000000000000000000000000. 10405 for 3000000000000000000000000000000. 10406 for 4000000000000000000000000000000. 10407 for 5000000000000000000000000000000. 10408 for 6000000000000000000000000000000. 10409 for 7500000000000000000000000000000. 10410 for 10000000000000000000000000000000. 10411 for 12500000000000000000000000000000. 10412 for 15000000000000000000000000000000. 10413 for 20000000000000000000000000000000. 10414 for 25000000000000000000000000000000. 10415 for 30000000000000000000000000000000. 10416 for 40000000000000000000000000000000. 10417 for 50000000000000000000000000000000. 10418 for 60000000000000000000000000000000. 10419 for 75000000000000000000000000000000. 10420 for 100000000000000000000000000000000. 10421 for 125000000000000000000000000000000. 10422 for 150000000000000000000000000000000. 10423 for 200000000000000000000000000000000. 10424 for 250000000000000000000000000000000. 10425 for 300000000000000000000000000000000. 10426 for 400000000000000000000000000000000. 10427 for 500000000000000000000000000000000. 10428 for 600000000000000000000000000000000. 10429 for 750000000000000000000000000000000. 10430 for 1000000000000000000000000000000000. 10431 for 1250000000000000000000000000000000. 10432 for 1500000000000000000000000000000000. 10433 for 2000000000000000000000000000000000. 10434 for 2500000000000000000000000000000000. 10435 for 3000000000000000000000000000000000. 10436 for 4000000000000000000000000000000000. 10437 for 5000000000000000000000000000000000. 10438 for 6000000000000000000000000000000000. 10439 for 7500000000000000000000000000000000. 10440 for 10000000000000000000000000000000000. 10441 for 12500000000000000000000000000000000. 10442 for 15000000000000000000000000000000000. 10443 for 20000000000000000000000000000000000. 10444 for 25000000000000000000000000000000000. 10445 for 30000000000000000000000000000000000. 10446 for 40000000000000000000000000000000000. 10447 for 50000000000000000000000000000000000. 10448 for 60000000000000000000000000000000000. 10449 for 75000000000000000000000000000000000. 10450 for 100000000000000000000000000000000000. 10451 for 125000000000000000000000000000000000. 10452 for 150000000000000000000000000000000000. 10453 for 200000000000000000000000000000000000. 10454 for 250000000000000000000000000000000000. 10455 for 300000000000000000000000000000000000. 10456 for 400000000000000000000000000000000000. 10457 for 500000000000000000000000000000000000. 10458 for 600000000000000000000000000000000000. 10459 for 750000000000000000000000000000000000. 10460 for 1000000000000000000000000000000000000. 10461 for 1250000000000000000000000000000000000. 10462

Modern Marvels

Ideas that are making a new World

"DEATH RAYS" FOR SWIMMING BATHS

A NEW process for purifying the water in swimming bath—a veritable "Death Ray" for germs—has been used at the recently opening pool of St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, which was recently opened by His Majesty the King in London.

The process consists merely of passing ultra violet rays through the water, instantly killing all germs.

The bath of St. Mary's Hospital holds 56,000 gallons of water, which, being constantly filtered and sterilized by the rays, has not had to be changed for four months.

The system keeps the water as pure as drinking water, and it is expected that the "Death Ray" will soon be installed in baths all over the country.

During 1932 an entry of 87,329 swimmers passed through Crystal, either at the finish or start of their own journey, the largest number ever recorded. Britain grows more interested every year.



SATELLITE LAMPS FOR TRAFFIC SIGNALS

Few things are as good that they cannot be improved.

One of the chief faults in the colored light system for directing traffic is the confusion and doubt that is caused by the lights suddenly changing, and the amber caution sign has not altogether remedied this.

Now an Edinburgh engineer has patented a device which he feels will cure the fault. The device consists of a rack of twelve amber lamps round each of the main red and green lamps. Under the new system the amber light may not have to be necessary.

Imagine that the "Go" signal has just flashed on. The main green lamp and its twelve green satellite lamps will all flash together. After one second has passed one of the small green lamps will go out; then, one by one in the same way, the other small green lamps will flash out until finally the main green lamp itself goes out and the amber caution lights on.

Then the red lights and twelve small red lamps will flash on, and the same process will be carried out.

By means of this new system the traffic will know just how much it has to "go" through, and how long it must wait for the "all clear."

Now, all you budding motorists, get to work and see if you can't think of a better system than that.

A GRANT wind-driven motor has been erected in New Jersey, America, to harness the wind for generating electrical power.

GIANTS OF THE MODERN WORLD



THE SYDNEY HARBOUR BRIDGE

THE bridge which spans the harbour at Sydney, Australia, is the greatest single span bridge in the world and a triumph of British engineering.

The span is 1,345 feet and the total length of the bridge 2,770 feet. It is 525 feet high—325 feet higher than St. Paul's Cathedral—and contains over 50,000 tons of steel.

Built by Messrs. Dorman Long, of Middlesbrough, it might grow at a cost of \$2,000,000, it was officially opened in 1932.

One hundred and sixty electric trolleys, six thousand vehicles, and forty thousand pedestrians can cross the bridge in one hour without any traffic jam.

The most powerful engine was built by Messrs. Brown, 200 p.s.e. x 2.

Discoveries that are Foretelling the Future

SHOPS WITH INVISIBLE WINDOWS

LONDONERS are expressing amazement just now at a number of shops in the West End that appear to have no glass in their windows.

Also, for the smash-and-grab merchants, this is not the case, for the glass is actually there!

The explanation is that the new glass windows are concrete (forming upwards), and the amazement merely stimulates reflection and breaks the glass invisible when you stand close to it.

The goods in the window are shown to possible advantage by this simple yet important invention.

THE BRITISH YARD machine, which is the length of a brass bar at Westminster, London, is 3000 inches shorter than it was when made eight years ago.

60 M.P.H. IN STREAMLINED BICYCLE

WE have become accustomed to stream-lined airplanes and locomotives, to streamlined motor cars and motor cycles, now we welcome the first streamlined pedal bicycle.

It has been designed by Marcel Dethier, the French cycle champion, and he has been awarded in the International cycle by the chief engineer of a French aeroplane firm.

It has a curved handlebar, the "Velo-gyne," and the streamlined shell making the cycle in shape something like a "sea-dog," possessing a frontal width of no more than two feet. The cyclist is completely hidden when astride the machine, and emerges through a door cut in the side. With



twisting his head in before the aperture at the top, and forward vision is obtained through a small rectangular hole cut at eye level in front of the shell.

The cycle has already broken the speed record and the designers claim that the cyclist will easily attain speeds of 60 m.p.h. in short sprints. If his claims are justified this will be the fastest ever propelled vehicle in the world.

RADIO SINGER IN CHOCOLATE WRAPPING

EVERY day some two thousand trills are heard in perfect French song. The first experiment is the "Café-chocolat." Well!

One of the many delights that last for several years before the radio engineers in the chocolate wrappers in the machine, given by the top note of a soprano, you're probably heard these yourself.

It has now been discovered that if the singer stands inside a "chocolat" shell reaching down to her wrist the top notes vibration is entirely eliminated. Café-chocolat, of course, the important article and for wrapping boxes of chocolates and packets of cigarettes.

The atmosphere is placed outside the shell, and the improved quality of the voice is immediately apparent to listeners.

Strange, how small things can make big differences.



INVISIBLE EYE FOR SHIPS IN FOG

Now it's not they Come in for Sea Captains

THE latest method of enabling fog to see is to use an "invisible eye" camera.

The camera, recently designed for the purpose, takes photographs to assist of the fog-reflecting rays of reflected light, and will show objects four and a half times as far as the eye can see in clear weather.

The photographs will be developed by a special speed process, and the scene taken may be viewed thirty seconds after exposure.

By means of this "invisible eye" the captain, feeling his way through the fog, will be able to "see" at intervals of thirty seconds what he ahead and alongside his vessel for a distance over four times as far as he could in ordinary daylight.

WATERWORKS ASSEMBLY was recently given a milk bath. Gallon after gallon of atomized milk was applied to the assembly, and it is hoped that this will not only clean it, but aid in its preservation. Five years must pass before the effect will be known.

THE "SKYH" WONDER CAMERA

A GIANT camera crane which can manage any camera angle, and is entirely self-contained, has been installed at a cinema studio in London.

The only one of its kind in the world it is called the "Skyh" and has been invented and designed by Mr. Stanley Doolittle, a studio engineer.

Weighing two and a half tons, the crane can stand as tall as ten feet above the "set" and carry six men on its arm. A wheel will turn the camera in any direction, and the cameramen can operate it for most delicate movements in two or three shots.

The chief value of the new invention will be found in the fact that all its movements are silent—a most important consideration in the modern silent studio.

This WORLD of WONDER

New scientific discoveries! Amazing inventions! Startling projects! Wonders that are being performed about us every day

POCKET SUBMARINE: Tests are being made by the Japanese Navy on a submarine only twenty feet long and carrying a crew of four.

SHOCK TACTICS FOR PLANTS: By applying X-ray shocks or sudden changes of temperature to plants Professor R. Buggles Gaird, of King's College, London, expects to produce bigger and better flowers and vegetables.

SPEED KING TO SEARCH FOR GOLD: Sir Malcolm Campbell, holder of the world's land speed record, and Sir Alan Cotton are shortly to fly to the heart of Africa on a gold-prospecting and air-route charting expedition.

A "ROLLING" CLOCK: A clock consisting of large moving numbers is used in use at Paddington Station, the G.W.R. terminus in London.

The numbers are attached to rubber belts on rollers, and a Master Clock transmits periodic impulses to the electric gear, tripping a rubber lever at one-minute intervals so that a new number drops into place.

The number on the right hand indicates every minute, the other number every ten minutes, and the number on the left every hour.

A 104-MILE LOOK: Spectacles provided travellers have been fastened on the top of the great Sydney Harbour Bridge in Australia. One of the telescopes is the best of its kind in Australia, and the city of Sydney—104 miles away—can be seen through it.

FOUR RADIO SETS EVERY FIVE MINUTES: By means of a new production campaign, which is giving work to 9,000 employees, the I.E.M.V. Gramophone Company is turning out a radio set or a radio-gram in one minute and a quarter—four sets every five minutes.

ATLANTIC AIR MAIL SERVICE: A regular air mail service between Germany and South America was inaugurated this month. The fastest route from Hamburg, in Africa, to Natal, in Brazil, via the direct ship Westfalen stationed in mid-Atlantic.

REAL LIGHTNING IS INVISIBLE: Experiments made by Dr. C. Vernon Davis, in London, with a new type of camera have revealed that the real flash of lightning is a dart of light invisible to the human eye. What we see and call lightning is the vivid return flash of this preliminary dart.

FIVE-MILE TUNNEL: A railway tunnel nearly five miles long, to be cut through the hills between Dover and Folkestone, is included in a scheme proposed by the Southern Railway to take the place of the present line which runs along the coast and involves enormous expenditure owing to overhauling by the sea.

Boys! Get this Album!



A Free I.C.S. Booklet That Concerns Your Future

Most young men, it has been said, are too small for their jobs. That is why they are not promoted and why many are discharged when business is slack. The young man should make himself too big for his present job—outgrow it. If he does, promotion and better pay will follow.

There is only one way to do this, the way of short-time specialized vocational training. The International Correspondence Schools, creative pioneers of action by post, have been giving such training for 42 years and have trained more than 4,000,000 students, hundreds of thousands of whom have won substantial success.

This booklet is comprehensive. It explains the I.C.S. method in detail, and gives brief particulars of all I.C.S. Standard Courses, covering practically every branch of commerce and industry and many professions. Twenty-four other I.C.S. booklets, each dealing with one group of Courses, contain everything the ambitious man would wish to know about the particular Courses or Courses that meet his individual needs.

Our 25 booklets, averaging 34 pages each, are entitled as follows:

I.C.S. Courses of Instruction

- Advertising
- Aeronautical Engineering
- Architectural Engineering
- Architecture and Building
- Art for Commercial Use
- Chemical Engineering
- Commercial Training
- Civil Engineering
- Domestic Engineering
- Electrical Engineering
- General Education
- Languages
- Lettering and Shorthand
- Writing
- Marine Engineering
- Mechanical Engineering
- Mining
- Motor Engineering

- Railway Engineering
- and Building
- Salesmanship and Window Dressing
- Scientific Management
- The Services (Civil, etc.)
- Textile Manufacturing
- Woodworking

(These booklets include the preliminary training for the various occupations.) If you wish to outgrow your present job, to make a real success of your life, write for one (or more) of our booklets. It is free. No visit or our expert advice on any matter relative to your career.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.,
DEPT. 245, INTERNATIONAL BUILDINGS, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

YOU CAN GROW AS YOU PLEASE

IF you follow our system, you can grow as you please. You can be as tall as you like, and as strong as you like. My father (John W. Ball) grew from 5' 6" to 6' 6" in 10 years. He is now 6' 6" tall and weighs 250 lbs. He is a strong man. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

HOW FELLOWS 3/6
How a red electric FELLOW motor oil can be used to grow as you please. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.



L. WILKINSON & CO. LTD. LONDON, E.C.1.

THE "BOLLA" AIR PISTOL

The Bolle "Air Pistol" is a new invention. It is a small, light, and powerful pistol. It is made of metal and is very strong. It is a very good pistol for shooting. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

YACHT SERIES

SPECIAL SELECTION FREE.
Portuguese, Italian, Greek, Spanish, and other yachts. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

T. H. CROSS & CO., (Firm, Dept.), 1, Hockley, Waltham, Essex.

OLD ENGLISH STAMPS FREE OF CHARGE.

Send us a photograph of your face and we will send you a set of old English stamps free of charge. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

"DIAMONDS"

Many fine stones have been found by purchase in the "DIAMONDS" series. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

O. NERUSH
100, "B", 10, TURKISH LANE, LONDON, N.E.

"KANGAROO" PACKET FREE!!

The "Kangaroo" packet is free in the "DIAMONDS" series. Write for our booklet, "How to Grow as You Please," and you will receive it free.

BE TALLER!



